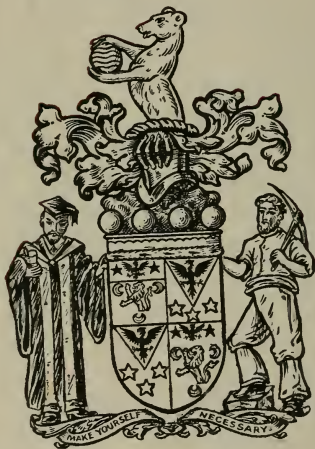


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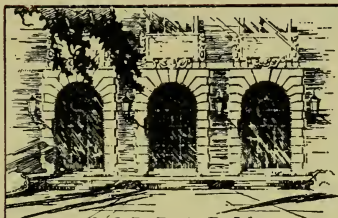
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JANE DE DUNSTANVILLE ;

OR,

Characters as they are.

A NOVEL.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY ISABELLA KELLY,

AUTHOR OF MADELINE, ABBEY ST. ASAPH, AVONDALE PRIORY,
JOSCELINA, EVA, RUTHINGLENNE, MODERN INCIDENT,
BARON'S DAUGHTER, SECRET, LITERARY INFORMATION,
FRENCH GRAMMAR, POEMS, &c. &c.

VOL. II.

“ I do not make heads, I only make caps.”

LONDON:

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1813.

JANE DE DUNSTANVILLE.

CHAPTER I.

NEVER had the hours of absence seemed so lingering and long to Fitz Ormond as the suspensive moments he now endured ; and spite of every effort, and every fondly recollected proof of his Mary's attachment, a nameless apprehension pervaded his mind, and gave a sorrowful hue to the most vivid colourings in which hope arrayed his future perspective ; still he would picture himself her husband ; sinless, serene, and untroubled with the tumults of

greatness, he would picture himself that happy being, and in all the enthusiasm of love, fancy them leading a life,

“Such as Arcadian song transmits from ancient, uncorrupted times, when tyrant custom had not shackled man.”

When, in the exercise of the calm, still, innate virtues of the pure soul, the guileless day would be passed in harmony and peace, and at night, sink to sleep in prayer within each other's innocent embrace.

Such at times were Fitz Ormond's vivid contemplations ; at others, despair with a haggard train of improbable evils, would assail him, and the gloomy perspective lengthen to the grave.

Oh hope ! thou delusive and fallacious meteor ! when didst thou give the day thy morning promised ? Despair, thy vortex is deeper than human misery ever plumb-

ed ! the wicked only will know that profound !

Fitz Ormond having in contemplation to dispose of his carriage, curricie, and horses, with some other appendages of fortune and fashion, which, though perfectly compatible with the appearance of Sir Geoffry De Dunstanville's heir, was by no means appropriate to the circumscribed plans he had laid out for his future life. With an intention, therefore, of going to Tattersal's, in meditative mood he was pursuing his way down Bond Street, when a smart slap on the shoulder making him start, he looked up, and beheld Lord Clancarron.

“ Fitz Ormond ! strike me dumb ! ” cried his Lordship, “ how goes it my buck ! Old Geoffry gone, banged-up at last ! In good condition, eh ! Did he

come down? Be one of us! Make d——d good whip, split me! Dine at the Dog! All going to the Dog, d—n me; ha! ha! ha! tip a thousand, eh! Jane coming—pay all—she's prime—pay all then, d—n me!"

"Jane!" repeated Fitz Ormond, whose name amidst the jargon of folly operated like electricity on his faculties; "What Jane does your Lordship mean?"

"Jane De Dunstanville; twenty thousand a year, that's prime; have her, d—n me! She's in to, for 'look, dear Madam, I'm just the thing!' Take her Fitz ——! Must take her; then bang-up for New-market:—greys beat the bays, and bays beat the duns, d——n me!—Aye, beat *the duns*—there's sport—there's prime—my lad of wax!"

Lord Clancarron and Hildebrande Fitz

Ormond, while at college, and for some time on the continent, had been acquainted, though dissimilarity of tastes, habits, and pursuits, had precluded intimacy; still they were visiting acquaintances, and Fitz Ormond being a young man of figure, with equipage, and always an ample command of money, which his generosity had often made very convenient to his less opulent and more extravagant associates. His Lordship, on meeting him in London, thought on consideration, and after a secret council with his mother, that the unsuspecting youth would not prove an unproductive visitor at her Ladyship's card tables. Fitz Ormond was not, therefore, formally invited, but most cordially intreated to consider himself a relation, and be *en famille* at Clancarron-house when he pleased.

Fitz Ormond still appeared with his usual retinue, and that procured him welcome at the doors of fashion ; he became not only a morning loungee at Lady Clancarron's, but too constant an attendant on her evening parties, and there he learnt Jane had arrived in town, with all the particulars of the families re-union. And this intelligence not only guarded him from expressing surprise, but also enabled him to avoid unexpected, and *mal-d-propos* encounters.

He heard, with indignation and contempt, of their base designs upon her hand and fortune ; but he knew her mind too noble, her sentiments too dignified, her taste too refined, and her morals and understanding too good and pure, to feel any alarm on her account ; and though he determined to avoid her sight, as he

would the basilisk, he determined also, when the husband of Mary, to court her friendship; and by the attention of a brother, testify his reverence and esteem for her virtues and character.

On his return in the evening to Fladong's Hotel, where he lived, a letter, which the loud palpitations of his heart anticipated to be the mandate of destiny from the hand of Mary, was laid before him.

A cold boding chill crept through his veins as he took it up; his blood felt icicles, yet his eyes flushed with burning heat, a dizziness seized his head, while his brain seemed on fire, a conflict of tumultuous feelings overwhelmed his senses, and for some moments his very intellects were confused.

Mary's letter to Fitz Ormond.

“YOUR letter, dear and ever loved Fitz Ormond, has reached the hand of Mary ; it has reached every fibre, shaken every nerve, heightened every pulse, and now calls forth her wish from the inmost recesses of her soul.

“I have perused your letter, and contemplated the Paradise you delineate for my reception, with a captivated eye, and an enraptured heart ; no need of that, your honourable bosom my refuge, would make the extremest verge of earth Elysium to Mary ; but honour and gratitude combine and raise a barrier, which only infamy would dissolve.

“Jane De Dunstanville loves you ; fondly, fervidly loves you ; nay learn, for a series of years has loved you, and deserves your love ; her heart meets you with a

sentiment pure, warm, dignified, and holy ; her hand brings you power, patronage, affluence, and distinctions ; brings you the luxurious power of doing good ; rise then superior to the sickly sensibilities of passion, which would enervate your mind, and degrade your understanding. The tame inoperative existence to which descriptive fancy gives almost enchantment, I own might be blameless ; but the heir of De Dunstanville must be great ; he must be active, useful, beneficent ; he must not be the slave of enervating feelings, nor the favourite playmate of a fond woman.

“ Could you, Fitz Ormond, sink so low, believe me you would soon cease to appreciate such unimportant pleasures : the glare of passion once extinct, you would find all it had given you valueless ; poor and ill suited

to the temperament of a great and ardent spirit.

“ Let, then, I conjure you, let your sun of glory shine forth, oh Fitz Ormond ! and gladden the paths of those who wander in sorrow, want, neglect, and dependance; and let the gracious condescensions and the gentle charities which should adorn an elevated condition, distinguish your character; think on these blessings, and let not the darkening mists of passion bewilder your brain.

“ Listen to reason in the voice of Mary, it will soon dispel the cloud of gathering error ; you will awake from your feverish dream, your dangerous delusion ; you will allow it no longer to wither your energies, blight your capabilities, nor enervate your feelings. You will be yourself, you will be Fitz Ormond.

“ The family of Mrs. Fortrose, for a succession of years, found a friend and benefactor in Sir Geoffry De Dunstanville ; Jane De Dunstanville closed her dying eyes, and smoothed her pillow of death. Mary was not more precious to her soul, nor her peace more sacred. In these solemn latest moments, it was the subject of her thoughts, and in the awful pause of separating nature, when the spirit shivering on the brink of untried being, it was then that this mother left her blessing for Fitz Ormond, *when* he became the husband of Jane De Dunstanville ; no promise was claimed, no promise was given ; but the nice implication was well understood, and the decision was sanctified by a dying blessing.

“ True, too dear, too interesting Fitz Ormond, the idea of becoming your wife-

for years was accompanied with a sensation so pure, so chaste, so elevated and endearing, that only the consciousness of duty could sustain the soul in resigning it for ever ; but virtue alone can constitute human happiness, and would virtue tear the rose of felicity from the bosom of friendship, rend the fine fibre which binds affection to gratitude ? No ! no ! Fitz Ormond could not wish it ; Mary could not do it. Oh ! listen then to the voice of Mary, and take her solemn fervid assurance, that the hour your faith is plighted to Jane, will be the dawn of Mary's felicity. Oh ! more, to Mary will be the sweet bright dawn of your own ; then we shall meet, Fitz Ormond ; but till then never ! No ! I might be weak, and listen to your reasoning, instead of reason herself ; yet you are too great, too proud, to owe to importunity what sentiment refuses to love.

“Let me not, then, longer interfere with your greatness ; let me not obscure your prospects ; but let me continue worthy of the sentiment I inspired, and rest serene and satisfied in the consciousness of having acted well.

“Ever bear in mind, Fitz Ormond, that extraordinary occasions demand extraordinary exertions ; your’s is no common nature ; your’s is no common part ; assert, then, the dignity of reason ; prove its superiority over passion ; prove its sovereignty in the beautiful economy of a well-regulated mind ; and be re-assured, that the moment which gives Jane De Dunstanville to Hildebrande Fitz Ormond, seals the felicity of

“MARY FORTROSE.”

CHAPTER II.

THEY who have fondly and fervidly loved ; who have long encouraged wishes that enrapture, and hopes that swell, the heart high with hopes of expected felicity, may be better able to conceive, than I to describe, Fitz Ormond's sensations on perusing Mary's letter ; it was doomsday to his peace, annihilation to his happiness ; and, in all the tumult of frantic passion, he accused her, execrated the world, and cursed himself : but we find, however, extreme and acute a sensation may be, it cannot last beyond the power of endurance ; ecstasy subsides into calmness ; an-

guish yields to resignation ; and torture finds refuge in insensibility ; therefore, when the violence of Fitz Ormond's passion had exhausted itself, and reason once more asserted her dominion, the strong energies of his superior mind shone forth, and he made resolutions worthy of himself, and becoming the dignity of a rational being.

“ Mary,” said he, “ shall find me constant and consistent ; Jane shall acknowledge me grateful and disinterested ; every pretension to Sir Geoffry's fortune I resign, and though Mary refuse to accept me with competence and contentment, and sacrifices me to false principles of gratitude, immolates a pure and ardent love at the shrine of ideal honour, I cannot give the noble Jane the heart *she deserves* ; neither will I accept the hand I do not

deserve ; she may command every thing ; but the wayward Fitz Ormond cannot even command himself."

When the first tumult of agitation had subsided, and when he could regulate his feelings, and reduce them to a rational system of action, he persevered in the intention of purchasing the cottage, and there he determined to seclude himself from the world, and devote his hours to literary pursuits.

His grandfather's last remittance, when he was summoned to attend his dying bed, had made him master of five thousand pounds, besides his horses, curricie, and other valuables ; he was, therefore, comparatively rich, and determined, though he scarcely could assign a reason even to himself, for his heart was unattuned to pleasure, and his mind ever superior to

dissipated enjoyments, still he determined to pass the winter in London. He might meet with the mysterious Mary, the date of her letter, and the shortness of time in which it had reached him, were convictions she was in or near town ; he would also be acquainted with Jane's manœuvres, and though he pre-resolved to studiously avoid her sight, for he really shrunk from that thought, as if her presence had a deadly magic to enslave his very faculties, he felt it would gratify some nameless sentiment to learn her character, and secretly watch her conduct and safety : and almost insensibly to himself a latent hope lay at his heart, that among the crowd of admirers, her brilliant distinctions would assemble, she might be tempted to select one who would allow virtues and riches, to veil a most unpre-

possessing set of features ; then he would be left at liberty, and unnoticed sink into obscurity with competence and Mary.

Having put matters in train for the purchase of his cottage, composed and self-satisfied with his arrangements, he was one morning preparing to leave the hotel for private lodgings, as being more accordant with his future plans, when his servant announced Lord Clancarron.

The peer had that morning passed some important moments with his mother ; to thee, Fitz Ormond, they were most inauspicious ; the secret conference concluded with, “ Every thing depends on her senses being astonished, dazzled ; she must be carried at once, by a *coup de main*, or all is lost ; money must be had ;

debts are high, credit low, something must be done, and quickly."

"Aye," rejoined his lordship, "it must be a dash, and a deep dash too, d——n me, else all is undone, I'am bang-up already."

"The tame Fitz Ormond, has he no money? He used to be convenient to you; had he no legacy?"

"Doubtless!" replied the peer, musing more than was his ordinary custom for a moment, "for he makes a figure; curricule and horses cost money, he keeps them—and strike me! here goes it, I have it," putting his fingers to his forehead, "it is here; *I'll bang-up*; pull him down, and that will be prime, d——n me!"

And now reader, behold this bang-up peer in the apartment of the unsuspecting Fitz Ormond, prime for a deed, which

though brilliant in a whip, and becoming a brigand, honour would start at aghast, and justice would deem reward for from the hand of an executioner.

CHAPTER III.

“AH Fitz, how dost?” cries the peer, entering the apartment with the ease of a familiar; “glad we have met, strike me! In good condition eh? Canst help me? Bankers book full? Mothers whims; cursed bore! Must buy land; six foot do at last! Zounds! Fitz, there’s a thought—banged-up to Falcon last week; no cash for a month! Lend me two thousand, here’s a check on Drummonds—cash then plenty!”

Pen and ink stood most opportune for the purpose; the peer wrote, “One month after date, pay the bearer two thousand pounds,” when he knew he neither had, nor would have, credit for two thousand pence.

Fitz Ormond's heart was the honest mansion of truth; honour its bright inhabitant, and generosity the guide of his actions, and his mind being uncontaminated by one suspicious thought, he put the peer's order in his desk, and, with a smile, returned him his own check, saying, "He was happy in the power to oblige him. I too," he continued, "am about to purchase a nook for my diminished head, and a month hence will equally answer my purpose, as now."

"A month hence," repeated his Lordship, "whew?" whistling, "have the heiress before a month, coming on dash; a done thing,—in old Geoff's will;—must take her—strike me!"

Fitz Ormond *was struck*; he started;

"What was in his will?"

The peer liked not the question; but

he was seldom at a loss ; deception with its thousand hints stood ever ready.

“ Tell no tales ;—mum’s the word.”

And the purpose of his visit being accomplished, with a *sang froid* in character with his character, he took his leave, and—

His mother could give her masquerade, at which momentous matters were to be achieved ; and he could purchase Falcon’s bays ; bang-up in style to the Dog, and exulting in his finesse, without one feeling of remorse, when he quitted the presence of his injured friend, whose incautious confidence had exposed him to his treachery, he hastened to Tattersal’s.

Fitz Ormond looked after him with something of contempt ; “ Jane de Dunstanville descend to such a thing as this !” cried he ruminating, “ Resign her gentleness, her graces, and her happiness, to the

keeping of one, whose chief ambition is to manage a whip, and whose proudest merit a coachman can rival! forbid it, every better being that guards the good and innocent!

“ Oh! may her sense and softness, her graces and generous feelings, find a home in the sacred bosom of honour; meet one with judgment to appreciate worth, and with sentiment to reward attachment!”

And with this prayer Fitz Ormond set out to seek lodgings.

Jane had with her friend devoted a day or two to domestic arrangements, and then formally announced her arrival to the Clancarron family.

The countess, with deep design in her heart, and the smile of affection on her lip, accompanied by her son and daughter,

at an early hour made their appearance in Jane's morning drawing-room.

Her ladyship had prepared a long cordon of adulative compliments, meant to surprise the heiress ; endearments, if she should find them necessary ; and even a few glistening tears to heighten the effect of the whole scene.

Lady Florence was documented to be very tender and full of admiration ; while his lordship was to shine forth in all the glory of the *beau monde* ; strike her speechless with the elegancies of ton ; stupify her poor country senses by the brilliant flashes of fashionable wit, and the overwhelming display of a sudden and violent passion.

Only that such characters are not easily abashed, this finished trio must have shrunk beneath the consciousness of their

own insignificance and base designs, and have ceased from dark operations, when they beheld a demeanour which inspired reverence, and looks which invited esteem.

Candour and pleasure blended on her beauteous brow, and she gave them all a dignified and graceful welcome, rendered irresistably endearing, by the sweetness of her manners; but her beauty gnawed the heart of the daughter, while the bright intelligence beaming in every fine feature, awed the mother to hopelessness.

His lordship, with his mind's eye full on her acres and guineas, cared not a marvedi either for beauty or graces; but addressing her in his best bang-up style, sometimes excited her laughter, and at others, struck her silent.

"I protest," said Jane, in a pause of nonsense, "the pleasure of this meeting,

and the diverting novelty of his lordship's humour have made me so negligent as not to introduce this lady."

The countess turned her head with a supercilious smile.

"*Y—ou—r*" and before the drawling "*y—ou—r*" had reached its end, a fashionable stare had measured Mrs. Moreland from head to foot, who sat calmly what she was—the lady.

"My friend," said Jane, her cheeks in a richer glow, "my dearest friend, Mrs. Moreland."

"The rich Morelands of Somersetshire? or the banking Morelands, perhaps?"

And Lady Clancarron turned towards Jane in a half whisper.

"Not the Morelands of Somersetshire, nor the banking Morelands, yet the name boasts the highest respectability, and he

who conferred it on my friend, gave, he could not receive, distinction either from name or condition."

"A finished eulogium," said her ladyship, "and a perfect passport to my family and friendship; Mrs. Moreland I court your acquaintance; Miss De Dunstanville's friends have every claim on my attention; and now," cried her ladyship, pressing Jane's hand, "as I am impatient to introduce my charming relation, will you join a small select party this evening?"

"Most willingly, dear madam," said Jane, "but I almost fear my wardrobe too antiquated for a public exhibition in your drawing-rooms; for you know, we country misses have no other oracle than La Belle Assemblee to consult, it is our very acme of ton in Northumberland."

"Enchanting vivacity!" cried the coun-

tess, while Lady Florence offered her assistance to conduct her to the most celebrated *marchand des modes*, &c.

Jane accepted the polite offer, accompanied her cousins to Bond Street, and in a few hours, returned perfectly satisfied with her brilliant purchases, and what was better, sent her relations home very well satisfied with their's, as a "Pay the bearer," to Jane's banker, had answered the necessary purposes for all,

CHAPTER IV.

“Who may that queer, tame thing, Mrs. Moreland, be, who is such a wonderful *pet* with the heiress?” demanded Lady Florence, while seated at a hasty dinner to prepare for the evening orgies.

“A queer thing!” cried his lordship, “split me but she froze me to an icicle, petrification grinned in every turn of her phiz.”

“Moreland, Moreland,” repeated Sir Felix Fribble, a constant guest at Clancarron-house. “I think I know her; I have seen her cold cucumber face at Lady Benvolia’s; she was formerly her lady-

ship's secret-keeper ; and is now store-keeper, purse-keeper, and conscience-keeper to the heiress of De Dunstanville ; you know my intelligence always correct."

" Well, I really conceived she was nobody," added, Lady Florence, sipping her Madeira.

" Nobody !" repeated the countess, asserting all her lord's Highland pride without one spark of his Highland dignity, " Nobody ! we had not then been degraded with such an associate, but being a poor pitiful *somebody*, the creature, no doubt, will presume to know us in other circles ; for that ridiculous country girl, I am pretty sure, means to introduce her favourite calf every where."

Had her ladyship only been apprehensive that Mrs. Moreland's insignificance would attach something degrading to her

dignity, she could soon have tranquillized her apprehensions ; but there was a penetration in Mrs. Moreland's speaking eye, a discriminating judgment, an intelligence about her, which, with the power she evidently had over Jane, she feared would penetrate farther into her designs and contrivances, than would suit her purposes to be discovered : her hatred, therefore, bore proportion to her terror, and in the expedition of her plans rested her hope of success.

“ You mentioned, my dear Fribble,” said Lady Florence, “ Now pray, mamma, leave the odious creature to mortify ; or petrify, or any thing, while I hear from Fribble what I so wish to know ; you mentioned her being secret-keeper to Lady Benvolia.”

A malign curiosity throbbed at her

heart while she spoke, for it ached for a tale of slander, and she continued,

“Is it thought Lady Benvolia ever had any secrets *worth knowing*? You understand me, Fribble; for she is considered a pattern for charity and morality, and all the pretty words of which good folks compose the character of christian.”

“Had she any secrets!” repeated Sir Fribble, “Aye though not exactly her *own*, secrets worth knowing; and I could a tale unfold would harrow up thy delicate organs.”

“I shall positively expire, die, perish, you dear, dear, torturing wretch! I have heard nothing worth hearing this age, be quick, then, and save me from the death of *ennui*.”

“The Countess Benvolia, then,” and Sir Felix’s lips were almost close to Lady

Florence's ear——“ she wept——he raved
——sanctioned——went out of town——
son——deserted——save exposure——
the infant——hushed up——lived with
her still——appeared——visited——pure
again as vestal innocence——child——
school——Mrs. Moreland——but quar-
relled——all now be blown——come to
town——can look up again——there,
charming Lady Florence! Clancarron
would call this prime, and d—me Anti-
quina would be prime, but born last cen-
tury wont do, wont do.”

These half and unconnected sentences
composed a fabrication meant to send a
barbed arrow, an envenomed sting, into the
sinking bosom of sorrow, and it was
hoped resentment would do its part ; but
it is a dark nature that can forget ninety-
nine kindnesses, because misapprehension
produced one *unkindness*.

Lady Florence was gratified by the information, her malignant propensity to detraction would not let it sleep; but before she could express the delight she felt, the loud reverberations of the knocker announced early visitors, and she flew to her toilet.

Fitz Ormond was now settled in his lodgings, and spending his time most rationally and agreeably; he was collecting a library and laying up a store of information and amusement for the days of retirement.

The circumstances of Fitz Ormond's life had given his feelings a tincture of enthusiasm; he felt proudly satisfied with himself; that he could resign all the distinctions and luxuries which a marriage with his cousin would secure, and with a humble competence retire to a cottage with the unpor-

tioned Mary; “Jane *must* reverence the sentiment that rejects her; and Mary must appreciate the affection that selects her,” said he to himself; “I shall be dear to one, I shall be loved by the other.” Indulging the enchantments of hope, he would then raise an imaginary fabrick of felicity, that imparadised his senses, when the recollection of Mary’s romantic rejection would dissolve his visionary bliss, and again poor Fitz Ormond suffered the pangs of apprehension and suspense.

To beguile the tedium of his solitary hours, he one evening composed the following lines.

THE BIRTH OF LOVE.

I.

Morn after morn, its ruddiest hue,
Across the mellowed landscape threw,

And kissed the stream whose rippling tide,
With deeper, softer blush was dyed.
Where nature smiling, sportive maid,
Along its flowery margin strayed,
In dalliance with the breeze that blew,
And filled her vest to feast his view.
While as the verdure brushed her feet,
Earth's choicest stores, with life replete,
Burst into light and Zephyr lent,
Each rising flower the grateful scent.
Himself had stol'n—with inward glee,
The maiden smiled the theft to see,
With lighter gambols touched the ground,
And sweeter perfume breathed around.

II.

But spread no cloud as it should seem
To intercept joy's glistening beam ?
Oh ! yes at times a bursting sigh,
Would heave her breast, she knew not why ;
But then she'd seek the ocean's verge,
Fantastic shape the formless surge,
So various, yet with art so rare,
In wonder lost, how they came there.
She gaged full oft the mariner,
When wrecked in after times they've caught,
From sorrows store a transient thought,
Or 'neath some fav'rite shade reclined,
To fancy's wayward mood resigned,

Would fill with life some airy thing,
And teach some pliant, trembling wing,
To spread with earliest effort wide,
And tempt a region yet untried.
Pleased for a while her skill to view,
Till fancy pointed something new,
She charmed it to her sight, but then,
She bade it "go" and sighed again.

III.

Sad pity 'twas so dazzling bright,
A mirror to the wond'ring sight,
As that her polished mind displayed,
Should be dashed o'er by any shade.
So thought the sylph whose lyric pride
Gave harmony the spheres to guide,
And sweetly rose his inward prayer,
That Heaven would fix perfection there,
'Twas all he could for not the power,
Was his, to enter pleasure's bower ;
And bid its inmate "go" at will,
"To suffering earth and temper ill."
'Twas all he could, but when 'twas said,
Again he turned to seek the maid,
Who all forgetful of the past,
As joys bright reign would ever last,
In sport and frolic taught to smile,
Creations varied face the while,

He saw, and tho' her bosom now,
No care confessed, no sign of woe,
In pity's accent soothed the swell,
That taught his heart, its thoughts too well.

IV.

But Heaven's creative pow'r that heard,
Not long the gen'rous prayer deferred,
Ere the kind breath that pity bore,
Had gained the earth, and yet before
Creation's heir, the beauteous maid
In mid career of joyance staid,
To list the kindly words he said !
Embodied and condensed a part
Was taken, and when oppressed, her heart,
In streaming tears tumultuous eased
The throbbing feelings they released,
Commingled, with from either eye
A liquid gem, and one pure sigh.

V.

Yes ! then young love, so heavenly fair,
First breathed, and breathed ethereal air,
Then angels first the infant viewed,
Of pity and of gratitude.
Their admiration, thankless child,
He ill repaid, for when he smiled,
Each felt his power, some novel grace,
Some smile seemed wanting on each face,

Before where sported artless ease,
And all of beauty that could please.
But instant forth, his pinions grew,
And downward to the earth he flew,
From nature's eye, he kissed the tear,
And hushed her every maiden fear,
While she in sweet requital strove,
To bless each hour of infant love.

VI.

Swift fled each bliss, and as it fled,
New joys re-blossom'd in its stead ;
Together would they wander forth,
Together o'er the teeming earth,
In converse sweet unwearied range,
While oft she deemed it wondrous strange,
That now no more her heart was sad,
As pensive when she sought the glade ;
And marvell'd she could thus feel less
Fatigued with pleasure in excess.
But love who heard, would smiling, say,
'Twas he that blessed life's happiest day,
On pleasure : pleasure still must cloy,
With none to share congenial joy.
Then stealing near again would sip,
Ambrosial fragrance from her lip.
And when she closed her eyes in rest,
Would slumb'ring nestle to her breast.

Fitz Ormond had a large and fashionable acquaintance ; but his understanding could not approve their habits and principles, consequently, they neither could interest his feelings nor attach his heart ; he allowed Lord Clancarron claims as a relation, but his character had too much insignificance as a man, to be chosen as an intimate ; he had reprehensible weaknesses, and was altogether too much a creature of the world to interest one sentiment of his heart ; to his vicious nature and unprincipled mind, Fitz Ormond was altogether a stranger, and his knowledge came too late to save him from his deceptions.

That he had borrowed the two thousand pounds for any other purposes than to make a purchase of lands, and that it would not be punctually repaid at the period promised, had never glanced across

his open generous mind, until a few days after his opinions were rather staggered by intelligence, not the most agreeable, from one whose truth and integrity admitted of no doubt.

He was seated in a bookseller's shop one morning, surrounded by huge folios and classical authors, when a voice, his heart acknowledged, saluted him with, "What ! my old Chum Fitz Ormond ! my dear fellow, not tired of alma mater yet ? Prithee leave thy old musty friends, and come a little among the moderns."

Fitz Ormond instantly arose, and highly gratified with the rencontre, accompanied his equally pleased friend to a neighbouring coffee house ; but as this young gentleman deserves an introduction, and to know him being a distinction, while the friends take their chocolate, the author

begs leave to introduce the character of Mr. Murray.

During the time Fitz Ormond had been at college, he had contracted an intimacy with this young gentleman, which, if it did not reach the height of friendship, was rather from want of time to mature the sentiment, than from any dissimilarity of taste or principle.

Mr. Murray was maternally descended from the noblest blood in Scotland; and his father sustained that most honourable character, a British merchant; this son, the inheritor of his wealth and virtues, to a fine prepossessing figure, added a cultivated understanding and a superior mind; but one simple descriptive trait will better delineate his heart, than if a panegyrist's pen offered him the tribute of a volume.

He was one morning in his house of business, passing through a throng of clerks, when the words, "My relations know nothing of shops, nor shopkeepers!" attracted his notice; there might have been something haughty in the tone and manner of the words, for they sprung from the swelling bosom of a proud boy, the orphan son of an officer. Pride becomes either good or bad as we apply it; it is only wrong when we establish it on wrong principles; but in a mind properly regulated, it becomes a stimulus to virtue, and the sacred fence between poverty and meanness.

Mr. Murray took an early opportunity to question this youth, and in a voice of kindness, requested an explanation of words, he could not understand from one in trade.

Though the highest and proudest blood of Caledonia circulated in this little lad's veins, he had greatly dared to step beyond the limit society prescribes to *gentleman*, he repressed the rising thought of a proud lineage, and smiled at the pity of the little mind that could not appreciate his motives, and entered business. Such a spirit might confer, it could not receive, honour from any rank; for, added to the effort, unshrinkingly and uncomplaining he encountered — mighty God! What reproach! What humiliation! What suffering did he not encounter! In thy book, great judge of the human heart, let these things be noted.

The generous Murray had, indeed, a mind; he took the little trader by the hand, presented him to his noble mother

and lovely sisters, and introduced him to characters that dignify human nature.

It is to be hoped the youth's condition will improve, and Providence place him in one more adapted to his talents, birth, and education, and it will give a quicker throb to his glowing bosom, when he can exclaim, "I rise something nearer the liberal-minded Murray! he knows *who* I am, he can then say *what* I am.

How digressive! the reader may justly exclaim; but gentle being, grant your tolerance; let the poor author please herself one minute, when so willingly she gives months to please you.

"I remember your grandfather was considered very eccentric," said Mr. Murray, continuing his conversation with Fitz Ormond, "allowing you a splendid establishment, though for some transgression of

grand papas and grand mammas a hundred years ago, he did not see you."

"The circumstance was singular, I allow," replied Fitz Ormond; "yet I owed him much; owe his memory much, however wayward fancy, by taking retrograde motions, may disappoint his views."

"Since you indulge me with your confidence, I hope he did not encumber your fortune with hard conditions?"

"I have no fortune," answered Fitz Ormond, "except the savings from his beneficence while living; he gave his immense estates landed and personal, to his grand-daughter Jane."

"Gave all to his grand-daughter Jane!" repeated Murray, "then I hope my dear fellow, his grand-daughter Jane will give herself to you."

Fitz Ormond was too noble in his na-

ture to betray his cousin's preference for him, and too candid to conceal his own, as he supposed for another ; he, therefore, frankly rejoined, " The honour would be undeserved, and unaccepted ; for my heart has been devoted to another since I knew that I had a heart."

" I hear your cousin is a perfect Helen ; and what with her gold, and what with her graces, she sets the world of fashion in a blaze ; you must positively introduce me ; gold I do not want, graces—sense—and the senses bow submissive there."

" I never saw Miss De Dunstanville but once," said Fitz Ormond, " and then her beauty did not particularly strike or interest me ; but if you really desire an introduction to this Helen, the Clancarron family will be gratified in your acquaintance, and there she is almost *en famille*."

“ And yet you never saw her but once ?”

“ Never ! I purposely avoid the danger ; but seriously I wish you had the gold, the graces, and all.”

“ You are incomprehensible, Fitz Ormond ; but tell me, are you really, *bonâ fide*, about to join the fraternity of whips ? About to be one of the four-in-hand club ?”

“ I ! my dear Murray ; I ! who have scarcely enough in the whole world to buy a barouche !”

Murray looked incredulous ; but instantly added, “ I am not mistaken ; did you not commission Lord Clancarron to purchase Falcon’s bays for you ?”

“ Certainly not,” returned he, laughing at his unintended pun, “ else I should

soon have the duns following after them ; but what do you mean ?”

“ You shall hear ; the other morning I strolled into Tattersal’s, merely *pour passer le tems*, when these individual bays being knocked down to Clancarron for seven hundred pounds, his Lordship gave your check for two thousand pounds in payment ;—the auctioneer stared ; ‘ I am surprised,’ said he, for he can be perfectly familiar with the whip gentry ; ‘ I thought it was bang-up with your Lordship too.’

“ ‘ And so thought I,’ was the general whisper circulated around ; and, therefore, though his Lordship added, with much *gaite de cœur*. ‘ No, strike me ! you find I’am prime still !’ Not exactly knowing either your rent roll or inclination for whip notoriety, I rather ima-

gined his Lordship was simply your agent in the business."

Fitz Ormond *could not* at that instant have used his dashing cousin's favourite expletive, "strike me speechless!" for verily, he himself was struck speechless, and the deception practised on his guileless nature, (though entirely unapprehensive for the safety of his money,) so shocked his innately honourable principles, that while an indignant suffusion flushed his cheek, he almost insensibly exclaimed, "Poor abject Clancarron! to desert the dignity of truth, and descend to falsehood for a paltry, temporary accommodation."

"Temporary!" cried Murray, "but come, we will talk more of this hereafter, and taking his arm, "you must

dine with my mother at C——, and hear my sister sing “the Botie rows,” and you shall have the Banks and braes of bonnie Doon, into the bargain.”

CHAPTER V.

THE morning after Mrs. Moreland's arrival in Portman Square, she had dispatched letters to both her sons with the intelligence ; and early the following morning, the youthful Alfred, glowing in manly loveliness, attended Jane's breakfast table ; the rose of health bloomed brightly on his cheek, and the rich sparkle of a heart at ease shone in his fine eyes ; he was grown taller and finely proportioned, and never had his figure looked so gracefully interesting, as when, in a transport of filial love, he folded his doting mother in his arms.

“ My child, my dear child !” cried she, many a soft emotion swelling her bosom, “ bless thee ! bless thee, my boy ! but thy brother—where is Dillon ?”

“ He—He is out of town.”

The mother thought he looked a something more than he spoke ; she knew not what, but fearful, and watchful, ever are a mother’s thoughts ; she recollected herself.

“ Alfred, - Miss De Dunstanville, your mother’s friend.” Alfred turned towards Jane, who had stood gazing with new and indefinable pleasure on the animated youth before her ; “ were I not all Fitz Ormond’s,” thought she, kindly extending her hand, “ I could be thine Alfred, and not suffer.”

“ Take me,” said she, with enchanting sweetness, and a smile which never failed

to charm ; “ take me, accept me for your sister ; will you, Mr. Alfred ? ”

“ You are very cruel, madam, to Lily and Belle,” he replied.

“ Cruel, my young friend ! ”

“ Cruel,” he repeated, bowing respectfully over the prettiest little hand he had ever touched, “ for I should then soon forget them, and indeed, myself too, I fear.”

“ Do you think, then, that I have Lethean properties about me, and that they will extend their influence to you ? ”

“ Not much of that,” said he, smiling archly ; “ still, you will be a dangerous sister. I feel the consequence of such an alliance already, for I came here with simple respect for my mother’s friend, and I shall go away with admiring love for Miss De Dunstanville herself.”

“Pray Sir, did you learn that from Blackstone, or Coke upon Littleton?” demanded Jane, blushing.

“I learned it, madam, from a fairer page than either, from your countenance.”

Jane began to think he might prove rather dangerous too, as a brother, so offering him a cup of Chocolate, said, “You are better fitted for the court than the bar.”

“And were Miss De Dunstanville queen, I should turn courtier, and swear allegiance.”

The pensive reverie into which Mrs. Moreland had sunk, allowed their agreeable *badinage* to go on uninterrupted; but an ill-repressed sigh striking on the ear of Alfred, he turned towards her, and in expressions of his unexpected pleasure

at seeing her in town, and in mutual enquiries, the morning repast was concluded; when Jane, rising to go out a shopping, told Alfred he must enlist under her banner, and become her knight; and then the mother and the son were left together.

CHAPTER VI.

DILLON MORELAND, with a most prepossessing and fashionable figure, had a fine animated countenance; his understanding was good, and far from uncultivated; but not having been intended for any of the learned professions, his education was simply genteel, and his knowledge general, without being deep; his heart was kind, generous, compassionate, and sincere; attempered to the love of virtue, but too much inclined to pleasure, to give to that love the solidity of sacred principle; his temper open and grateful, ardent and impatient; in principle he was correct; in intention upright; but the

impetuosities of a warm aspiring mind, uncontrolled by judgment, unregulated by experience, were apt to precipitate his unpractised youth to the very verge of error; born with a high spirit deeply tinctured with native pride, he forgot that the distinctions of birth, and what is more valuable, the pretensions of honest worth, “*having no lackey but pale poverty,*” are unnoticed, while obtrusive ignorance and upstart wealth usurp their privileges in an indiscriminating world.

Dillon Moreland doted on style; was devoted to fashion, and considered the glittering meteors of the beau monde as the summum bonum of human felicity; therefore, though possessed of the properties and capacities for a most estimable character, for want of perseverance and stability to give it importance and decision, they who

most loved him, feared false notions of life, and what constituted happiness, with the desire of enervating pleasures, would pervert his judgment, and obscure the brightness of his moral character, and plunge him with all his warm, generous, kind, and virtuous feelings, into a vortex of error and disappointment.

Through the interest of a powerful patron he had been, after some few wanderings in the paths of fortune and misfortune, appointed private secretary to a nobleman in one of the publick departments. Dillon now declared himself satisfied ; and his application to business, with a quickness of apprehension, at once secured him the confidence and regard of his Lordship, and some deference for his opinions ; meanwhile, his amiable manners, attentive politeness, and deference

for the female character, warmly recommended him to the ladies of the family, and Dillon at length moved in that brilliant sphere, so congenial to his feelings, and to which his ambition had so ardently aspired.

Dillon, as yet, had never been deficient either in his relative or moral duties ; he was a tender son, an affectionate brother, and a kind friend ; still with his friends he was very tenacious, with his sisters proudly particular, and his mother he considered abounding with superlatives ; as too good ; too rigid ; too forgiving. Dillon never descended to know any one east of Temple-bar ; no, not even with his opera glass could he recognise a single feature.

“ My dear Dillon,” said his mother to him one day, in an accent of tender

reproach, "you passed Mr. Forbes yesterday without speaking."

"Positively, my dear mother," he replied with the true Listless yawn, "it is quite fatiguing to speak to every body one meets ; but I never pass a *gentleman* if I know it."

"I thought one trait of a gentleman was never to do what he need deny ; now you would be ashamed to own you were ungrateful, you would deny it."

"I would," said Dillon.

"Your father," calmly rejoined Mrs. Moreland, "in a nocturnal frolic, once violated the peace ; and, being unknown, the magistrate was committing him to prison, for he was ashamed to own either his name or rank ; this good man being present, felt for his youth, and painful situation ; he paid his damages, became his bail,

attended him home in safety, and on many occasions after that period, was his friend, always giving him a kind welcome to his table; when General ——— and Sir ——— whom his father had patronised and supported, passed him, as you did Mr. Forbes yesterday. Now tell me, my dear boy, which *deserved* the distinction of *gentleman*? God formed the heart of the *one*; the world formed that of the other.”

Now it was these kind of obsolete opinions, and antediluvian sentiments, that induced the prejudiced Dillon to call his mother too good, too condescending, in short, made up of too many superlatives.

“Your brother,” said Mrs. Moreland, when alone with Alfred, “you seemed mysterious about him; where is he?”

“Indeed, my dear mother, I know no

JANE DE DUNSTANVILLE.

more than that he is out of town. Lord Danglecour is certainly not pleased; but then I hear his lady is, for he attended her and her daughters to Bath.

“ You terrify me,” cried the mother, “ he will lose his patron, his friend; he will lose himself.”

“ Do not be so apprehensive, my dearest mother,” said Alfred, smiling, “ cut your apron-strings, and let him take flight; you will always be sure to find him under a female leader, and you know, time immemorial, petticoat influence is powerful.”

Mrs. Moreland was constrained to appear satisfied; but an undefined sigh arose with the wish that her first-born darling had been more moderate in the pursuit of pleasure, and not the associate of characters in so elevated a condition, justly fearing he would lose all taste for the

simple and innocent delights of a family fire side.

Lady Danglecour, the dashing wife of the nobleman who employed him, always called Dillon her “fair young knight,” and declared, half in jest, and half in earnest, that he might love ; but she would take care he should neither ride nor run away ; and to say the truth, her ladyship was better calculated for introducing youth to the whole arcana of *haut ton*, than inspiring a love for the calm, still scenes of domestic life ; she delighted in notoriety, yet had always cautiously kept within the pale of decorum ; and though crim. con. had received sanction by being declared venial, so many of the plebeian herd had figured in Doctors’ Commons, that flirtation was almost beneath a woman of fashion ;

therefore did Lady Danglecour determine to be chastely, nay, cruelly correct.

His Lordship's two daughters by a former marriage, were the perfect reverse of each other ; Lady Matilda, the eldest, was cold, haughty, imperious, and malignant ; formed under her father, and a French governess, she acknowledged no law but her own will, nor knew a greater pleasure than giving another pain ; her accomplishments and manners were garish without either the refinement or polish of fashion ; and as for the natural affections, Lady Matilda had heard of them without ever having been troubled with feeling them.

Lady Ellen had been reared in the warm bosom of a maternal aunt, who bequeathed her a genteel fortune ; she had a pretty pleasing figure, and a countenance beaming with intelligence, sense, and can-

dour ; and her manners, elegant and unaffected, had that resistless sweetness which, while it charmed the heart of man, never excited one angry or malicious sensation in woman ; her mind was strong, active, and energetic ; her judgment correct, and her temper calm and consistent ; the feminine virtues had chosen her bosom for their residence, and the approbation of Lady Ellen Sterling was considered the criterion of character.

To her father she was dutiful, and to Lady Danglecour she paid the deference due to her father's wife ; her heart glowed with affection towards her sister, and she mildly endeavoured to soften the asperity of her temper, and moderate her stormy feelings, by the fair example of her own conduct. Her Ladyship had discarded several pretenders to her hand on

most unfashionable principles ; indeed, the *beau monde* thought her opinions gothic in the extreme ; she refused a peer, from an apprehension, that some evening or other she might mistake her coachman for him ; ridiculed a rich commoner, because he wore stays, false whiskers, and calf-stuffed boots ; replied to a Lord Listless of high ton, with a provokingly sincere face, who told her he thought it a d——d bore to court, that she thought it had been a bore courting, and to fill up the measure of her tramontane eccentricities, she actually dismissed a marquis, only because he preferred his neighbour's wife to his own, and with a *gaiete de cœur*, quite venial, while a broken-hearted father escorted her to the grave, he escorted the other to the Lakes.

With all these old-fashioned weaknesses

Dillon Moreland had not been proof against her blooming attractions ; but her high rank and fortune operating on that timidity, inseparable from genuine and refined attachment, held him mute and coldly reserved, while her ladyship, conscious of the cause, felt every pulse of her innocent heart throb at his approach ; his praise, his voice, sounded like music on her ear, and still her sensations were indefinable, till his attendance on them at Bath had subjected him to her father's reprehension ; which was soon followed by a peremptory command to return to the duties of his office, or seek another protector.

It was then while poor Lady Ellen's heart shrunk from the anguish of separation, that she felt that heart was no longer in her own keeping, but had flown to the

handsome secretary's bosom, for all its future hopes and felicity.

Lady Danglecour and Lady Matilda had gone to the rooms; a head-ache had detained Lady Ellen at home, and Cupid, who will sometimes administer balm for the wounds he has made, so ordered it, that an ache of some kind sent Dillon Moreland home also; therefore, they were not only *tete-à-tete*, but that *tete-à-tete* was rendered so interesting, that before mamma-in-law returned, Lady Ellen and Dillon could perfectly define their uncommon heart-beatings, cheek-blushings, eye-glancings, &c. but her ladyship still wanted a year of being one and twenty, and Dillon was younger still; therefore, with the impetuous fervor of a young adoring heart, he would have implored greater condescensions, and hinted an

elopement ; but she stopped him, and repressing the fondness of her own heart, stood firm in rectitude and duty.

“ I have a father,” said her ladyship, “ and a greater father still gives him a voice in the disposal of a daughter’s hand ; should he oppose my wishes, you must prove to me and the world, that his refusal originates either in caprice, or motives which reason cannot justify ; leave me then, Mr. Moreland,” she continued, her fine eyes shining in tears of affection, “ and leave your love in my care ; it shall be Ellen’s secret treasure ; and if you diminish not its value, she will be rich indeed ; go then, and with my love your talisman, be active, useful, ardent and persevering ; be in the road to acquire self-support and independence, and the

day *you* are twenty one, Ellen Sterling will become a Moreland."

Lady Danglecour returned in extreme ill-humour, the wife of a Welch Baronet had carried off her last hundred, and still she was minus fifty guineas."

"Dillon, are you in cash?" she cried, throwing herself on the sofa, and extending a beautiful hand to the youth; "if you are, be my banker till my surly crab can be made to open his claws."

"My regret is extreme," replied poor Dillon, colouring "but my purse will barely take me to London."

"London!" repeated the countess, "we do not return these ten days."

"I, Madam, have received his lordship's commands to return instantly."

"I thought Lord Danglecour was your patron, not your master;" and Dillon felt

the cold contempt she wished him to feel ; when Lady Ellen, with her cheeks in a beautiful glow, for the blood of her generous heart mounted high, added,

“ Mr. Moreland will certainly obey my father, else he is not master of himself.”

“ And by desiring it, you prove yourself his mistress, however,” she added, with a splenetic smile, “ and so much for a poor dependent, and a portioned independent.”

Lights were now ordered, and each dissatisfied, retired for the night ; Lady Danglecour for losing her money, and losing her knight, before it was her pleasure to dismiss him ; for he had often been very convenient ; Lady Ellen at losing her lover, who was dearer to her than every

thing, his own dignity of character excepted, and Dillon himself at leaving the woman he loved, and returning to business, and the man he could not love.

CHAPTER VII.

LADY DANGLECOUR and her young ladies were seated the following morning in gloomy dissatisfaction, at a late breakfast, when the room door flew open, and enter Lord Danglecour ; compliments coldly offered, were as coldly returned, by the peer and peeress.

Lady Matilda did put down her chocolate, and did rise up herself, as she hoped his lordship was well ; while Lady Ellen really alarmed at the suddenness of his appearance, and the dark flushings of his countenance, took his hand, and would

have pressed his cheek with her own ruby lips ; but without noticing her offered salute, he drew away his hand, and with every appearance of strong irritation, seated himself at a distance from the table.

“ Was the question negatived ? ” said his lady, with calm non-chalence ; “ Does the ministry shake ? Is the house burnt down ? Or have you pinked your man and obliged to hide ? Say what matter of mighty moment has procured us the supreme felicity of your lordship’s unexpected presence ? ”

His lordship smiled ineffably contemptuous.

“ A cup of tea, Lady Matilda.”

“ Your name will be necessary, Lady Ellen, to some papers.”

He now paused.

“ Pray Lady Danglecour, when did you send that puppy away ?”

“ Does your lordship mean Fidget or Frisk ?”

“ Madam, I can spare your flippancy, I mean your favourite puppy, Dillon Moreland.”

“ Did your lordship ever see his mother ?”

“ Madam !”

“ Did you ever see her ?”

“ See his mother ! what then ?”

“ Only the information would oblige me, does she walk on two, or four legs ?”

“ Your ladyship is unbearably impertinent.”

“ Nay, now, my lord, I mean well, for the creature being I understand poor enough to depend on your lordship for food, if his mother should perchance walk

on four supporters instead of two, the novelty exhibited would certainly produce a better living, than the eleemosynary crumbs dropping from a master's caprice, particularly as I would patronize the extraordinary exhibition."

"You forget yourself, Lady Danglecour; but pray how did you venture to detain the fellow when I wanted him?"

"Your lordship has named the very reason; for had you *not* wanted him, I had not detained him."

"Then you may now retain him," rejoined his lordship, with bitterness, "for I have dismissed him."

Poor Lady Ellen involuntarily gave a start; her father noticed it.

"You betray yourself," said he, "do you mean to enrich him from your superannuated aunt's ridiculous folly, with your

precious self into the bargain, to make the offering complete? Has he ever presumed to speak to you? Have you ever descended to think of him?"

"In truth, I must plead guilty to both your charges, my lord; he has often spoken to me; I have often thought of him."

"You avow it! and no doubt will throw yourself away on the fellow."

"I hope no daughter of Lord Dangleglecour's will ever throw herself away on a fellow; *I* never will."

"You cannot deceive me; you love Moreland."

"I will not deceive you, Sir, I do."

"And you mean to marry him?"

Lady Ellen bowed; a blush arose in her cheek, but she sat silent.

"You mean to marry him?" reiterated her father, rising in wrath.

Calm and unintimidated, she replied,

“ When he has established a character to deserve your lordship’s daughter, he will have a claim, which my father’s sanction can make the blessing of my future days.”

“ D——n him !” interrupted he, with fury, “ you shall renounce him, or the day *you give your hand*, I give my sternest, deepest execration !”

“ Beware of that, my lord !” said her ladyship, with a provoking laugh, and almost weary of the scene, “ you admire Southy’s Kehama, remember, then, his motto,

“ Curses are like young chickens, they always come home to roost.”

“ The venom of a cockatrice brings enough to my roost,” retorted he, a bit-

ter indignation darkening his heavy brows, “but my present commands are for my daughter, Lady Ellen Sterling.”

“If you do not fear my venom, I will accompany you, Lady Matilda, to the auction;” and so saying, darting a look of extreme contempt at her perturbed lord, and singing, “*Pray daddy please to moderate the rancour of your tongue;*” Lady Danglecour quitted the room, followed by her counter-part, Lady Matilda, who never felt a feeling beyond the sphere of self in her whole life.

Lord Danglecour continued to pace the room in violent agitation; Lady Ellen gazed on him with a commiseration truly filial, yet respect held her silent till the pause was broken by her father; his voice was now more attuned to softness, his

looks to kindness, yet a stern and wild determination gleamed in his dark eye.

“ Ellen !” said he, at length, “ you were ever the child of promise, will you disappoint me ? Will you see your father exposed, degraded ; will you annihilate his consequence, blast his purposes, sink him in shame, and hurl him headlong down the precipice of death and ruin ? Will you do all this ! All this to your father ?”

“ Gracious God !” and Lady Ellen clasped her hands.

“ You may shudder !” said the father, “ but must not shrink ; I am determined, desperate !” He seemed to gather a wildness from the desperation of thought as he proceeded. Lady Danglecour’s extravagance ; your brother’s return with involvements nearly inextricable ; my inef-

fective fatal efforts to retrieve, all have failed; my last acre is gone; the walls of Dangleour are crumbling to the dust, a tempest rises that will blast me to the root, and a gulph of damning horrors yawns to inclose me."

"Be merciful!" cried the daughter, in agony, "spare my senses, lead me to your purpose, and direct my feebleness how to avert such mighty mischief."

The wheels of state have revolved, and a political storm has wrecked my ambition, and I am sinking in a sea of blackening shame, daring, desperately daring, I flew ——— perdition——"

He grasped his trembling daughter's icy hand, "Devote your parent to poverty, contempt, and a prison, or give yourself to Sir Felix Fribble."

The cheek of Lady Ellen had been pale

before ; it now whitened to the hue of ashes, and she sat dumb in the agony of thought ; but Ellen Sterling possessed no common mind ; her nature, alike superior to the sickly sensibilities of enervating passion, and the intimidative threatenings that would meanly reduce her to misery incalculable and insupportable, soon resumed its native strength and greatness ; and with a calmness that gave dignity to her innate virtues, she said, “ That without affecting the heroine, death would be preferable to either of the alternatives he proposed ; but,” continued the admirable creature, tears of tender and bitter disappointment glittering in her mild eyes, “ if I have such happy power, poverty and a prison shall be far from my father ; the wealth which affection bequeathed, affection shall bestow ; I am rich in youth

and health ; am moderate in my wishes, and temperate in my pleasures ; forgive, my lord, my father, forgive that my heart made its election without your sanction ; it has chosen a sanctuary which will give *me* a warm and generous welcome, undecorated with the appendages for which a Sir Felix sighs. Dillon Moreland will be my world ; his love my pride ; his honour my distinction ; his industry will procure me independence ; and his faithful attachment, secure my felicity.”

Her determinate calmness and cool decision astonished and displeased her father, while it deranged his plans ; self-gratification was his predominating principle, the governing impulse of his every action ; the frenzy to which he had worked up his mind, to answer his own secret purposes, was now very naturally made to subside,

and with his usual sarcastic air, to which was now superadded a cold embittered smile, he replied to the artless effusions of her guileless heart, "that he must be excused accepting the mighty offering, her generosity had made; her modesty was really excessive in *over-valuing* her fortune, and *under-valuing* herself; but to elevate you in your own opinion," he continued, "your fortune will be no consideration to Sir Felix without my daughter; added to that he *demand*s immediate payment, and my honour *command*s it."

"And must your daughter's peace, my Lord, be immolated to cancel that demand? Will no lesser sacrifice satisfy the devouring idol that has your homage?"

She paused a moment—

"Twelve months you know, my Lord, have to elapse before I can claim my

aunt's bequest of three thousand pounds a year ; you know Ellen Sterling ; any friend may safely guarantee the full and perfect assignment of two thousand pounds a year, for your use, to be transferred the day I am of age. Yes, my dear, dear father, for you, to you I will resign every thing ; every thing except my own approbation, and the approbation of my God."

Lady Ellen arose, and now would have left the room.

" You are not yet dismissed," cried he, in undissembled rage ; " I will hear no more ; your sophistry is vain ; will you listen to Sir Felix ?"

" I may listen Sir, if you command it, I can do no more."

" Then a father's vengeance be upon you ! it shall reach your disobedient spirit through the viper Moreland."

With affrighting violence he now rushed from the apartment, and dashed the door after him.

“Heaven be thy guard, beloved Moreland !” said Lady Ellen, her firmness yielding to tears of tender recollection ; “deserve but the favour of heaven, be good and consistent, and Ellen will never leave you, nor forsake you !”

Dillon Moreland, with his glowing heart full of love, and his head full of wise resolutions to deprecate his patron’s displeasure by submission, and acknowledgment of error, and assurances that his future application to business should make ample amends for any former negligence or inattention, arrived in town ; and for submissions so repugnant to the proud feelings of his nature, he applied the

soothing balm of the charming Ellen's avowed, and dearly-remembered, attachment, and hastily finishing his toilet, he set out for his lordship's house.

CHAPTER VIII.

DILLON MORELAND, it must be confessed, experienced some degree of trepidation, as Lord Danglecour's knocker vibrated in his hand; and there was an air of something blended with the look of welcome the porter gave, which he could not understand.

On entering the range of offices, he beheld a stranger seated at his table; he arose on his entrance, and with rather a supercilious civility begged him to be seated.

“Is his Lordship not yet visible?” said Dillon.

“ Perhaps you wish an audience.” “ Not particularly,” he replied, “ but is his lordship at home ?”

“ His Lordship left town yesterday ; I have the honor of his confidence, and this letter will explain the rest.”

Dillon broke the seal.

“ Lord Danglecour’s compliments to Mr. Moreland, wishes him every success in his future pursuits, and encloses a check for his last quarter’s salary.

“ The gentleman who will present this, has accepted the situation, the duties of which were found too irksome and fatiguing to Mr. Moreland.”

Pride and pain were swelling his bosom to bursting ; but he repressed his indignation, and proudly bowing, said, “ Good morning !” and left the room.

Dillon Moreland was beloved by every

domestic in the family ; they now crowded around him with respectful wishes, and while he was bestowing a remembrance of their many attentions, his brother Alfred was admitted.

He took his arm, and silently quitted the hall. " I rejoice, my dear brother, to meet you," said Alfred, " my mother is in town, and impatient, indeed miserable, till she embraces you."

" I will not see my mother ! by Heaven I will not see her !" he cried with vehemence.

" Not see her !" repeated Alfred, " Oh, Dillon ! such a mother to suffer ! Dear, dear Dillon, tell me your vexations ; your friend, your brother, implores you !"

Alfred spoke to the winds ; Dillon wrested his hand from his affectionate brother's grasp ; burst into tears, and

rushing down an adjoining street was out of sight in a moment.

Dismissed and degraded ; without support, and without a home ; with a mother he made miserable, and could not see ; with a conscience he made upbraiding, and could not bear ; with a noble creature's love he did not deserve ; and with the recollection of advantages lost never to be regained ; all crowded on his tortured memory, and insensible where he wandered, or what he wished, with his poor brain burning, and his bosom wildly beating, the darkness of a cold wet night in February overtook him.

A blaze of light induced him to look up ; he was at the box entrance of Drury Lane Theatre ; he felt extremely cold, and indifferent as to his haggard looks, and deranged dress, he staggered into the sa-

loon, and threw himself on a sofa nearest the fire.

Again too busy thoughts obtruded, and reflection held a mirror in which his mental eye contrasted the last time he had been there with the present ; he had then been high in favour with his patron ; basking in the illusive beam of shining promise : Lady Danglecour had his arm, and was distinguishing her fair knight with those familiar whispers, which denote being well with the great ; and still more ecstatic, he caught the love-inspiring, the love-bestowing glance of the adored Ellen ; he was then courted by rank, followed by fashion, known in the world of ton ; in short, poor Dillon had then been what he wished to be.

Now he experienced all the painful and humiliating vexations of a fallen favourite,

cast off by him, whose favour he hoped would have raised him a fabric of greatness; abandoned by her, who with the voice of pleasure had first lured him from the duties of his condition; and feeling himself sunk beneath the fair excellence, whose preference he had considered the guiding star of his existence, Dillon Moreland *thought* he could endure no more.

His melancholy reverie was disturbed by the approach of a group, among whom were Lord Clancarron and Sir Felix Fribble, they had often surveyed Dillon's fine graceful figure with malicious envy; often viewed the smiling welcome he received from the soft eye of Lady Ellen with jealous malignity, and as Lord Danglecour had certainly lost immense sums to the honourable baronet, even he declared her

ladyship's hand should be an unqualified quittance for the whole ; therefore, the first preliminary step towards the accomplishment of the treaty, was young Moreland's dismissal and disgrace.

A stranger to these secret complottings, and ignorant that his degradation was known, as they drew near, he started up, and pride repressing the anguish of feeling, with his usual ease he addressed them.

“ How are you, Clan ? Fribble, how does Booth look ? I am so jaded travelling,—ca’nt go in positively ;—up all night.”

The baronet's glass was close to his eye ; the collar of Clancarron's Benjamin was down, yet still Dillon Moreland was unrecognized

“ Cursed bore,—strike me stupid,”—

cried Sir Felix, "to be fatigued with looking at one, one cannot tell who."

"That's prime, d——n me, game—quite up; worsted, eh Frib? Bang-up then, down with the filly, and ——"

"And," interrupted the impetuous Dillon, indignant fire darting through every swelling vein as he spoke, "does your lordship remember me?"

"Strike me dumb, strip me bare, Frib, but this is cursed comical! Do you know him?"

"Pon my modesty, were not to think quite out now, I would try to remember, whether I do remember or not, that he was once on Danglecour's establishment. Oh! *a propos*, it will be very fatiguing, but do you know I must interfere, and appoint Lady Ellen's *boudoir*! I should faint—" and he eyed Dillon through his

glass from head to foot ; “ unquestionably faint, were any but *fellows* of fashion about her ruellé !”

“ Perdition strike you speechless, you vile, vaunting, pitiful degradation to the form of man !” And the strong arm of Dillon grasped the feeble Fribble by the collar, “ dare again to profane that name with your pestiferous breath, and I will shiver you, you poor, quaking, aguish, hump of deformity, to atoms !”

Sir Felix lay gasping with terror on the sofa, and Dillon turning to Lord Clancarron, with a look he thought it wise to understand ; repeated,

“ Does your lordship please to remember me ?”

“ Remember you,” cried his lordship, retreating, without wishing to shew he

did retreat, " Aye that I do, and curse me if ever I shall forget you either."

" There we differ," said Dillon, haughtily, " for I shall forget I ever knew you."

" *Tant mieux pour moi*," said the peer's heart, but his tongue uttered nothing.

" Hallo, Frib!" cried the peer to his friend, " Come, bang-up, who's afraid? The coast's clear; split me, but the fellow is a Gog and Magog, put ————"

His lordship ceased, started aside, nay, as historians ought to be correct, it was said he turned pale, for Dillon Moreland had returned, and as the witty peer was proceeding with his gigantic comparison, the youth's eye, calmly severe, fell full on him.

" Should any one," said he, " take the trouble to remember this *fracas*, this

card will enable him to remind me of it also."

Dillon now walked proudly away, leaving the spectators of the scene in bursts of laughter ; some pitying, and some despising the cowardice of the baronet and his noble friend ; while all felt a sentiment of respect for the courage of Dillon.

In full expectation of hearing from Sir Felix, he remained the whole of next day in the hotel he had written on his card ; but he need not have wasted the time ; his courage was in no danger of a trial ; for as the honourable baronet had but a very moderate quantity of brains, he considered it would be very improvident to hazard their diminution by a pistol bullet, therefore, prudently determined to follow the wise counsel offered by an old Scottish motto,—“ *Dinna waken sleepings dougs.*”

The baronet, therefore, went to bed well satisfied that he should sleep in a safe skin. But it is time to return to our heiress.

CHAPTER IX.

JANE DE DUNSTANVILLE very soon became the leading star of fashion; and though she had very little leisure either for *ennui* or reflection, the image of Hildebrande Fitz Ormond never left her mind; she had heard he was in town, and that he visited at Lady Clancarron's; but as she was no longer a stranger to that lady's designs respecting herself, and his noble bang-up lordship, she easily managed to avoid meeting him, and as there was nothing, from a consciousness of the perfections of both, that Lady Clancarron dreaded more than an intimacy between the cousins; she, therefore, with the most cautious and

refined art, aided by an apparent indifference, said that she understood he had an attachment to a young lady of rank, whom it was believed would forget he was poor, and invest him with her whole fortune.

Jane on these occasions certainly felt a pang, and sometimes even the remembrance of his attachment, and the proofs she had received of his contempt for wealth were insufficient to quiet her apprehensions of the possibility that he might change. “ But if he *can* change, better that he does before the knowledge of the fond Mary Fortrose being the courted Jane De Dunstanville, reach him.”

But for these false suspicions being imposed on her artless, generous mind, probably, Mrs. Moreland’s judicious remonstrances had soon brought on the *dénoûement* to Jane’s romance; but she

now resolutely declared she would take no steps to develope her mystery, till ascertained of his continued love and fidelity. Her attachment for Mrs. Moreland increased daily; nor did she ever experience the languor of a moment in her endearing society; this preference filled the bosoms of the whole Clancarron family with disgust, abhorrence, and a malignity not unblended with a secret desire of revenge, for her having obtained an influence, which if their's, would have contributed so largely to their interested purposes.

Alfred devoted every hour he could spare from his duties and studies to his mother, and beautiful sister Jane, as he was allowed to call her, and could Mrs. Moreland have heard satisfactorily of Dillon, Jane's fireside, when the glittering

crowds of fashion were shut out from the sacred circle, would have presented a terrestrial paradise.

One morning, accompanied by Alfred and his mother, Jane had set out on an early excursion to Windsor, when the carriage was impeded in its progress by the whip club, that, in grand style and full cavalcade, was setting out to dine at the favourite *rendezvous*, the Dog at Bedfont.

It was among the novelties to Jane; and with unaffected surprise she turned to Alfred, and asked what it meant?

“What would you suppose, Miss De Dunstanville?”

“I should think it a party of coachmen,” replied she, “going to make holiday in their masters’ carriages.”

“Oh sink such gothicism of thought!” cried Alfred, laughing, “you will be taken

for a Vandal; why they are all lords, knights, and senators of the land."

"What a perversion of dignity!" exclaimed our country heiress; "then the servants are literally making holiday while their masters perform their work."

"Literally so, indeed;" replied Alfred.

"Who is that strange figure mounting the yellow barouche box?"

"Lord Falcon; he has lately recovered from broken bones by a fall from that very box; but his poor lady never recovered from her broken heart occasioned by the fright."

Jane continued to survey the group with curiosity.

"Who is that pale-faced being conversing with his lordship? Is it a brother?"

“ Only a would-be hang-up brother of the whip.”

“ Has he had broken bones too ? For he looks even paler than his friend.”

“ No, no, he would rather make you believe he deals more in breaking female hearts.”

“ I should not suspect him of being formidable that way ;” replied Jane, smiling, “ but who is he ?”

“ His name is Thomas ; the law his profession ; but pleasure his pursuit ;—the young man has feelings, which, if properly regulated, would do him honour ; manners which, divested of affectation, would recommend him ; and professional knowledge, if judiciously applied, would establish his reputation ; but by aiming at a notoriety, he has neither consequence nor condition to attain ; he is in danger of losing a re-

spectability which application to business would secure; he does not act so much from bad principles, as from having no principle at all, therefore, he errs more from affecting the vices of his superiors, than from having any vicious impulse of his own. He has been known to restore a worthy husband to his suffering wife and children, deserve gratitude, and have a blessing; and yet when that wife was a widow, and her child about to be established, he could unprovokedly abuse an influence he boasted with Lord Falcon, to counteract his intentions and impede his bounty; to finish with him, he can never engage confidence, because inconsistent; and never have a determinate character, because he is ‘*every thing by starts, and nothing long.*’ ”

“ Poor Mr. Thomas ! ” said Jane, “ but

as he has a heart, and that heart has feeling, he may yet be very estimable."

The calvacade was moving off, when a member out of breath joined them, and dashing forward, mounted the box with Lord Falcon.

"That is a fashionable figure," observed Jane, "yet Lavater would say little in his favour; do you know his name?"

"He has as many names as a Spanish grandee, and as many shapes as Proteus himself; he adapts them to condition, and throws them off at convenience; he now shines in the borrowed glare of those sparks which drop from the Falcon dignity; you can see his likeness in the print shops with the couplet under it.

"Devoid of honour, destitute of shame,
In vice's annals, truth enrols his name."

But then hé is prime, prime to the bone, and will soon bang-up to *banco regis*, or some other fortress; he is well acquainted with all, and may take his choice."

"And can a British peer degrade his dignity so much as to associate with such characters? Such society must not only vitiate the taste, but deprave the mind, and reduce it beneath the standard of those very humble beings, whose occupation they usurp, and whose manners they imitate."

"I have certainly heard my grandfather," continued Jane, "mention a Lord Falcon as the first of human characters."

"Sir Geoffry must have meant this peer's grandfather; he stands in the third generation from him, who raised himself from a low estate on one element, to the heights of glory on another."

“ At an early age, with inherent courage, and a presence of mind few can boast, the intrepid little being saved the king’s ship, by fearlessly throwing himself on a barrel of gunpowder, which had from some accident taken fire, and that in the thousandth part of a second, would have annihilated the whole. From that instant Fortune enlisted the little son of Neptune under her own standard, and vowed a vow upon his head never to resign her charge to her eldest daughter. To the sterner virtues of the hero, he added the milder feelings of the man ; and no sooner had his undaunted bravery obtained him the honourable distinction of a bit of white on his blue jacket, than faithful to his first impressions, he hastened to L—— and made a virtuous, though lowly-born,

lass, the partner of his blushing honours and future glory.

“Undauntedly he pursued his brilliant path through the great waters, and rose triumphant over the foes of Britain; in time the conquerors badge glittered on his breast, he was created a peer, and sat super-eminent in that court, appointed to direct the wooden walls of England in their devious track.

“Of family, we need only mention two sons; his eldest was upright, honourable, just, and judiciously beneficent; the other with every generous virtue glowing in his breast, was yet rash, inconsiderate, and impetuous, and in a nocturnal frolic with some other young men of condition, unfortunately a person lost his life.

“Remorse and returning reason came with morning; the parties were obliged

to abscond, and destiny directed the younger Falcon to the shores of the Carnatic; there, friendless and unknown, without introduction or money, he had to endure the bitter and galling indignities attendant on want and imprisonment; an officer, a general officer, whose name and character will be dear and sacred to the soldier so long as honour inspires the soldier's breast, heard by accident, that the son of a British nobleman, who had greatly served his country, was imprisoned. His intentions needed no introduction; and there was a frankness in his manner, superior to ceremony; he appeared before the dejected youth, and with every generous feeling stirring within him, he took his passive hand,

“ ‘ You are a stranger in our land, young gentleman,’ said the colonel, ‘ and I

have a home ; you have sorrows, and I have a heart ; accept my hand as a pledge that both are your own.'

"What followed, imagination may supply ; he became *en famille* at the Mount ; and the colonel has often been heard to say, he felt a prouder, richer, enjoyment in that one deed, than when his arms had carried conquest 'at the head of armies.

"At length, all was happily arranged, and young Falcon was to return to his father and his country, and take a last leave of his generous friend and preserver.

" 'My benefactor ! my friend !' said the grateful youth, 'what can I ever do ; oh ! think for me, what can I do ! remembrance, dear remembrance, will live

for ever, yet let me do something, something *that you may not forget me.*'

"The colonel paused, and his eye fell on a little sun-burnt fondling rolling at his feet.

" 'This boy,' said he, 'has lost his mother; take him with you, draw for his expences, and when you look at him, think his father loved you.'

"The boy was educated liberally for the profession of arms; he was the delight of the old lord, he was the pride and pleasure of his son; but both went to their everlasting recompense, and the young Indian became the noble representative's care. The upright excellent being, the very son of his father, was exemplary in all the social and moral duties; and, through a series of unhappy fortunes, to this youth was patron, friend, and pa-

rent; but too devoted to pleasure, he met the man of pleasure's doom; his own father had fallen a victim to one of Tippoo's emissaries. Lord Falcon was his only friend, but he died, a foreign grave received him; and he left a young wife too highly born and bred for the common exertions of life, and a family of helpless infants.

"The widow flew to his lordship, 'he is dead!' she wildly cried, 'my children they will perish.'

"'No! no!' said the generous feeling being, 'No, I will never forsake you, the annuity is your's, your own; depend on me, and this boy; taking up the youngest with strong emotion, for he was the image of his father, 'this boy I will not forget, he shall be provided for; you know me.

“ ‘Yes, revered being, you were known, you were honoured; for you were good!’

“ That was the widow’s last interview with his lordship; not long after it he himself died, leaving to posterity the bright example of a husband, father, and friend, all united in the upright man.

“ How the widow mourned him, perhaps he himself now knows; but it is known and registered by him who witnessed it; her heart palpitated with suspensive fear, her nerves shook, yet she knew not why; for Lord Falcon had often described his son as scarcely to be equalled, as almost exempt from the infirmities of his kind; he believed him moderate, temperate, just, generous, good. Alas! alas! an old domestic waited on the widow a few days after the funeral;—with pale

cheeks, and sunken eyes, with trembling limbs, and faltering lips, she met him.

“The old man gazed on her—he could not speak—yet his silence told enough.

“‘Be God your friend! ma’am,’ said he at length, ‘my late lord has not left his like; for six months, no more—his lordship will allow no more.’

“The widow had nothing; it proved the bolt of fate, it entered her heart; evil succeeded to evil, and the wound has never closed; uncomplaining she suffered, and never obtruded on lord Falcon’s joyous days, till in an hour of the saddest despair, when fate seemed pouring its vial of wrath on her devoted head; the youngest boy, the boy the good old lord had promised to protect, wished to be established, and took a letter from his mother; one hundred pounds was all implored; he was

admitted ; his request was promised consideration, and he desired to call again. The youth's heart swelled high with expectation ; the mother's heart blessed him. He did call again ; again—again—again—at length cruel, biting refusal came.

“ What that refusal has inflicted, what it has produced to this mourning family, be at the solemn day of reckoning forgotten, for if remembered, it will appear in characters of avenging retribution. Could his brave and honourable fathers look down and behold this, the representative of their name, how would the noble spirits start? They left him rich in every human distinction; rich in the power of doing good ; but he has hushed the voice of glowing gratitude ; sealed the lip of honest praise ; averted the blessing of the widow, and disdained the

prayer of the orphan. He has made his chief excellence the nice management of a whip, and his pre-eminence the dexterity of a coachman.

“He has trampled on the social duties, and profaned the moral virtues ; his character spotted ; his fortunes wasted ; his honour broken ; and his happiness undone.

“The tear of anguish steals down an aged mother’s cheek ; the blush of shame rises in the face of an innocent offspring ; yet there is none with assuasive hand to dry that mother’s tear ; he made no friend ; no, not one ; for the base things, his associates, borrowed their glare from his falling greatness, leaving him a bankrupt in dignity, and his honour extinguished in the grave of utter darkness.

CHAPTER X.

THE gay world had really allowed Jane to be one whole morning rational, and she was still with her friend in the library among books and crayons, when a footman's rap, with resounding violence, made the mansion feel a *somebody* approached.

It was Lady Florence Clancarron; an early visit from her always boded ill to some character or feeling, for to the gentle charities of human nature her soul was a stranger.—The purity and candour of Jane's own mind denied her any suffrage; but the ties of kindred giving her some claim to attention, the usages of polite

society granted her tolerance, and she was apparently on intimate terms with her cousin.

The impatient sparkle of her ladyship's eye indicated something ; she had just left Sir Felix Fribble, and felt absolutely suffocating with her intelligence :

“ I have heard,” said she, “ indeed now I know such a thing, that it will make your hair stand on end.”

“ Do not let me hear it then,” said Jane, smiling, “ for as I have just been made a crop, I shall look like the fretful porcupine.”

“ Oh! you tame, still, incurious thing ; but you must hear this, because what I do not know about it I think you can tell me.”

Jane was silent.

“ Positively then,” continued she, with

malign volubility, "I have found out the mother of the little child Lady Benvolia is so fond of!"

"Wonderful!" said Jane, yet she felt rather disconcerted. "Was it confided to you in secrecy?" added she, after a pause.

"As a very great secret," repeated her ladyship, "and I tell it *you* only because I know you can tell me a great deal more."

Jane felt recovering.

"Poor Lady Florence!" laughing—"so your tale tells me, you can tell nothing, and therefore expect I should tell you something; a proper gossip's embassy, upon my honour!"

"Yes, Miss De Dunstanville," retorted her ladyship, provoked by her calmness; "but you do know a great deal of the thing, and if you did but know what Lady

Benvolia says of *your friend* now, that she———”

“Hush, hush, my good young lady!” interrupted Mrs. Moreland, laying her hand softly on her lips, “whatever that lady says, she thinks I deserve; but should either prejudice, anger, or misapprehension, have led her to say what *I do not deserve*, as you heard it, and your professed regard rectified it, and, consequently, it will be no more repeated.”

Lady Florence felt the keenness of the rebuke, and for a moment shrunk abashed; but the pride of imagined superiority, and the fever of resentful passion gained the ascendant over momentary confusion, and she returned to the charge.

“Well, well,” she cried, looking proudly down on her gentle reprovcr, “you are very good; meek-minded folks are mighty

welcome, when smote on one cheek, to turn the other to be smitten too; such humility may certainly become the inferior conditions; but thank my kind stars, they elevate me above such pitiful tameness; I have been offended, and *will* resent."

Mrs. Moreland ever shrunk from the rudeness of altercation, and her spirits being now unequal to the retort of unkindness, she took advantage of her daughter's bell ringing, and rising politely, wished her ladyship good morning.

Her forbearing meekness, her dignified repulse of scandal, and her calm retreat, were neither calculated to quiet the angry passions, nor satisfy the craving curiosity of this detractive demon; for she was among those who consider detracting from the merits of others, in some measure supplied

the deficiencies in herself, and as has been observed, she was never so gratified as when depreciating those virtuous characters, whose excellence she would neither emulate nor imitate.

“Mrs. Moreland’s affected ignorance springs from her great meekness of temper, and goodness of heart ;” said her ladyship, as the door closed, “for well I know there is something that shuns the light, something very mysterious too, and strange ; and you know it, cousin.”

“No doubt there is, Lady Florence,” said Jane quietly.

“You will not understand me ; but I mean about Lady Benvolia, and Antigrina, and the child.”

“I mean the same, Lady Florence.”

“Now you are a dear creature !” cried her ladyship, malice giving its darkening

smile to her countenance, "I was certain Mrs. Moreland had informed you all about the secret."

"I cannot deny it," replied Jane, "but—" "Oh, no! but in mercy!" interrupted she eagerly, "I am dying to hear it minutely, and swear to be silent as—as—"

She wanted a simile, "As I have been," added Jane, "when I tell you."

"Yes, as you yourself," repeated she, unobservant of her pointed meaning, in her anxiety to hear—"Oh! I shall dote on it, devour it, for I so hate that Lady Benvolia."

"I do not know," resumed Jane, with perfect composure, "how far I am justified in a disclosure; it reveals what Lady Benvolia has always wished to hide, and hereafter may distress the sweet child herself."

“ I shall go distracted with impatience ; tell me, Oh ! tell me, the child is—”

“ The child is—”

Lady Florence gasped ; “ The child is,”—and she put her face close to Jane’s to catch every breath, as she repeated, “ who is she the child of ?”

“ The child of—” said Jane, “ she is the child of benevolence ;” and she directed a look of calm contempt to her disappointed auditress, “ the revered Lady Benvolia took her up a little flower when withering beneath the cold winds which too often blow on the undefended head of orphan infancy ; she gave her, as she has given many, the warm shelter of her own kind bosom, and supplied the place of a dead father and a dead mother. And did you, could you, Lady Florence, think so poorly, so meanly, of my Mrs. Moreland

as to suppose, because her motives had been ill understood, her feelings unappreciated, and the glowing affections of her grateful heart unreturned, that she would betray confidence, or give sanction to scandal uttered by lips that should only open to bless the countess's beneficence? And you, Lady Florence, accept a counsel the candour of friendship offers; repress your propensity of detraction; a good heart will neither justify, nor adopt the errors of others, but it will feel a secret delight in concealing them; why should we be anxious to drag all imperfection from its dark abode? the amount of their misdeeds will not swell the catalogue of our virtues, nor will their being sinners make us saints; believe me, the noble mind is never severe; human infirmities have its commiseration, but never exposure, for real.

virtue, needs no borrowed glare to display her beauty."

The voice of Jane was tempered by kindness, and sweetened by innate benevolence as she spoke; yet with difficulty could her ladyship repress her violence from breaking forth, and only the timely recollection, how necessary Jane's purse was to many of her gratifications, could have restrained her; but she arose with rancour and disappointment boiling within, execrating the superiority of her cousin, and also the virtue that had prevented her going direct to Lady Benvolia with a sting in every insinuated hint of her intelligence.

Jane's gentle spirits were rather irritated by the occurrence; but the entrance of Mrs. Moreland and Alfred, who came loaded with new music, soon harmonised her, and

in the sweet variations of the Irish melodies, Lady Florence's malevolence was forgotten.

"Here is a beautiful Scottish air," said Alfred, "'The Botie Rows'— it will suit your soft tones, Miss De Dunstanville."

"You flatterer! you shall be deafened for that."

"Are you as perfect an adept in the art as your brother?" enquired Lady Florence, a malignant smile curling her lip; "but I hear, indeed, you are tolerably prodigal in dealing out your praises."

"Miss De Dunstanville," replied the youth, with a glance that might have frozen her, "can only hear truth, when she hears praises; she only is unconscious of her own excellence."

"Positively, Lord Clancarron must take some lessons," cried her ladyship.

“I wish he would!” said Jane, “he would find my young friend’s mind a fair page for imitation.”

“Your ladyship seems to know my eldest son,” and Mrs. Moreland’s heart beat with expectation.

“Dillon Moreland, Oh! yes, I *did* know him.”

“*Did know* him?” repeated Jane, and her cheek flushed.

“That is, I sometimes saw him while he was with Lord Danglecour.”

Lady Florence had now darted her sting, and beheld its withering effect; but with apparent ignorance of the mischief, and affected good humour, she cried, “My mother’s dining party to-morrow! adio, adio!” and departed.

Anguish had moulded every feature of the mother’s face, a cold tremour shook

her frame, and her whitened lips quivered in the mute agony of apprehension.

“My child! my child!” she cried at length, bursting into tears, “where, where is my child!”

“He is safe, my dearest mother, indeed he is safe; the great are capricious; he has left Lord Danglecour; but you have nothing to fear. You know the heart, the principles of our Dillon, and have nothing to fear.”

“Alas! alas!” cried the wretched mother, “I have every thing to fear; his proud spirit, his impetuous passions, where, to what may they not precipitate his undirected youth; and have I no cause for fear? Oh! his honour, his character, his morals, his peace—his—”

She could give expression to no more; utterance failed. and she spread a shaking

hand over her eye , vainly trying to hide the aching anguish distilling there ; but the bitter tears could not be repressed ; they stole silently down her pale wasting cheek.

Oh ! child of error, who ever thou art, return to duty ; and with assuasive hand dry the pale cheek, for bitter is the drop retribution will wring for a parent's tear.

CHAPTER XI.

AFTER Dillon's frantic departure from his brother at Lord Danglecour's door, he had furnished himself with every particular respecting him that he possibly could ; but as the information amounted to no more than that his lordship, in high displeasure, had given him his *congé* ; he concealed it from his fond mother, until persevering enquiries should afford more satisfactory information. He learned from a friend who had witnessed his fracas at the theatre with Lord Clancarron and Sir Felix Fribble, the hotel at which he then was, but he could trace him no

farther, except that he sent now and then, supposing, what was very improbable, that one of these men of fashion might accept his proud defiance. This circumstance, as it gave evidence of the fiery particles which composed Dillon's nature, Alfred cautiously suppressed, and poor Mrs. Moreland might have exclaimed,

"How pitiable is that condition where ignorance is bliss!"

But maternal love and solicitude could not be longer restrained; apprehensions the most fearful shook her reason and tortured her heart; and to obtain all the certainty, however terrible, that she could, she resolved to wait on Lord Danglecour; and next morning Miss De Dunstanville's carriage put her down at his lordship's mansion.

The equipage and her own appearance

gained her immediate admission, and though much disappointed at finding both Lord and Lady Danglecour were gone out, on hearing one of the young ladies was at home and visible, she was introduced to Lady Matilda Sterling.

There was a modest dignity in Mrs. Moreland's manner, which inspired involuntary respect in every bosom capable of feeling; but the heart of the haughty one in whose presence she now stood, never knew the softening influence of one generous or gentle impression.

A most repellant bending of the head, and a cold motion to a distant sofa, made up her reception.

"I obtrude, madam," said Mrs. Moreland, and her tremulous tones betrayed internal agitation: "Dillon Moreland's mother ventures to obtrude on your lady."

ship, in the hope you may commiserate maternal anxiety, and say all you know of the young man, who has been so unfortunate as to offend Lord Danglecour."

Lady Matilda now experienced a malignant delight ; she could take revenge for Dillon's preference of her sister ; she could assert a bold superiority over the trembling being before her ; and she could wring the detested sister's heart, by traducing a reputation *she* would have perished to preserve.

" The truths I am importuned to utter, will sound ungracious to a mother's ear."

" Speak, madam, I can bear, I am prepared ; and *will bear* ——" and the mother grasped the sofa as if it could have strengthened her weakness. " Yes, I will bear every thing my child inflicts."

" The young man's idleness and arro-

gance," resumed her ladyship, coldly composed in her cruelty, "Lord Danglecour, in compassion to his youth and helpless circumstances, often forgave; but when he basely attempted to seduce the daughter from her duty, who, forgetful of her own dignity, listened to one so much beneath her, when he made a ruffian attack on the life of him, a father had selected for her protector, it converted his lenity into the sternest resentment and contempt, and he dismissed him."

"Dillon Moreland a seducer! a ruffian! merciful God!" exclaimed the mother, all the early virtues and generosities of her child's nature rushing over memory, and sustaining her shrinking spirit. "Where, where is he, madam? Say, where is he?"

"We know nothing of him, Mrs. More-

land, we desire to know nothing ; and have only to regret having ever known him at all ; indeed, the young man was taken from his sphere, little wonder he so far forgot himself.”

The very worm when trodden on will turn ; the pride of insulted dignity elevated Mrs. Moreland above a merciless being's efforts to crush her, and as remembrance brought the noble blood of many a generation into her faded cheek, she replied, rising, “ Dillon Moreland, madam, is descended from a race of ancestors, whose ennobling virtues raised a sphere of honour around them, which extends to the latest, and remotest line of their posterity ; and though the inconsiderateness of youth, may for a time obscure the brightness of his moral character, he will never degenerate—no, nothing—not even.

blighting malevolence can extinguish the original spark derived from heaven, and a family of honour which burns in my Dillon's bosom."

Abashed by the calm severity of so unexpected a retort, and awed into insignificance by a superiority no rank could confer, she felt, to use the jargon of the day, struck speechless; and during that moment, proudly curtseying, without deigning one word, the insulted mother quitted the imperious presence of one, who had betrayed too much rancour to carry an air of truth in her accusations.

The sudden flash of spirit which had sustained the mother, was fast yielding to maternal apprehension, and anxious to reach the carriage without betraying her emotion, she was hastening through the hall, with her eyes fixed on the ground,

when a female encountered her. She looked up, and bowing, would have passed on, but the lady stopped, and gazing in her face she spoke.

“ Surely, Mr. Moreland’s mother;” said she, taking her hand with that charming frankness which ever distinguished Lady Ellen Sterling, “ I see his every feature ;” and a glow of pleasure enriched her cheek : “ I have much to ask.”

“ I am his mother,” answered Mrs. Moreland, pensively, while irresistibly impelled, she pressed the hand that held her own, and followed her lovely conductress into a saloon, where, when seated, all the heroine gave way, and the mother bursting into tears, cried, “ My son, my son, my lost son ! Was it you, superior creature, that he attempted to insult ?

“ Do not call him lost, do not think

so ;” said the generous girl, a soft energy giving new charms to every glowing feature, “consider, dear Mrs. Moreland, consider what a dark tissue of character ill-nature and prejudice can represent, and allow me to justify the heart whose feelings I feel ; whose devotedness is all my own, and which being exclusively my own, has raised him a phalanx of enemies.”

“Dear sounds!” cried she, “and surely he did not, he could not offer insult to you ?”

“Dillon Moreland never did, he could not offer insult to any, for he is brave, generous, and humane ;—he has faults, I know, but they even spring from the better properties of youth ; his honest heart gave me preference, I accepted the preference, and that is his offence in the eyes of my family.”

A confidential and explicit explanation followed, and the generous Ellen's affectionate assurances proved a softening balm to the wounds an envious sister's envenomed tongue had inflicted on maternal feelings; and such is the power of rectitude in a well-regulated mind, that though still ignorant how, or where the beloved Dillon was, the mother, from having heard his character justified, felt comparatively easy.

On her arrival at home, she was nearly transported by having a letter put into her hands from Dillon himself, dated from Glamorganshire; it was penned with the fervor of filial affection and duty, and contained a candid detail of his conduct, and dismissal from Lord Danglecour's, and also confessed his attachment to the elegant Ellen, whom, with the

glowing pencil of a lover's vivid imagination, he described what she really was, the first, the gentlest, and most unerring of her kind; he assured his mother he was proud and happy in her approbation, and on his return to town, hoped to behold the two beings dearest to him on earth appreciated by each other. As to his circumstances and condition he was entirely silent, but as he wrote in high spirits the mother was calm, and with the piety of her resigned nature, confided him and his fate to the care of a regulating God.

More satisfied than she had been since her arrival in town, without any hesitation she had consented to accompany Miss De Dunstanville to a very brilliant dinner party at Clancarron-house; but, on reconsideration, she begged her to take apolo-

gies, promising to join her at the concert, which was to follow in the evening, as she wished to have some private conversation with Alfred, and answer Dillon's letter by return of post ; an early repast was, therefore, ordered, and the intermediate hours between it and dressing were devoted to the pen.

Jane De Dunstanville possessed a benignancy of soul which ever led her to rejoice with the happy, and to mourn with the miserable ; she could taste of every one's cup, still enriching her own nature by that pity, which droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven on human misery, and brightening by participating the pleasure which angels take in human felicity. Her attachment to Mrs. Moreland was ardent and sincere ; and her mind, capable of all the nicer touches of refined senti-

ment, rejoiced in her joy; and with every gentle feeling attuned to harmony, she dressed for Lady Clancarron's splendid dinner party.

Jane's beauty now shone in full resplendency, and her *sejour*, short as it had been in the circles of fashion, had communicated to the elegant simplicity of her manners all the polish of high life, without having imbibed its caprices and follies.

Attired for this splendid fete, and glittering in diamonds, whose brilliancy could only be surpassed by the sweet lustre of an eye beaming with the graces of an intelligent and beneficent mind, with a light foot she was descending the grand stair-case to her waiting carriage, when a superior domestic, whom she retained for her charitable and more confidential pur-

poses, met her, saying a most importunate visitor, who said he could not wait, but must be admitted, desired to see Miss De Dunstanville instantly ; “ he has almost forced himself into one of the waiting rooms,” added he, “ and looks both strange and resolute.”

A refusal of whatever nature never passed Jane’s lips without giving pain to her heart ; denial at the gates of De Dunstanville was never known, and fashion, potent as it was had not taught her the ungracious habit ; still she paused here, and discretion interposing, induced her to demand the visitor’s name. A footman flew to enquire.

“ The stranger, madam.”

“ The stranger !” she repeated, for the definite article was a distinction she could not understand, and had never heard ;

yet her sweet complacency soon settled the matter, and in less than a minute, Jane stood in the presence of this stranger.

As he has presented himself unannounced, and *may* sometimes as unexpectedly appear in the future pages of this history, and yet more, as our heroine's interview with him may prove both interesting and eventful, it becomes a duty to relate what is known respecting him.

CHAPTER IX.

THE stranger had been a man of many sorrows, and early acquainted with grief, his morning of life had arose with the fairest promises of a brilliant day, but long ere it reached the meridian, it had set in the depths of a dreary and dreadful night. He was born with passions high, strong, and uncontrollable; but one had supereminency in his soul, and that one warmed every nerve to more than common rapture, heightened every impulse, and imparted a more than human energy to every exertion.

He had loved; and he might have said

“ The course of true love never did run smooth.”

The sentiment which this loved creature had inspired, became the governing principle of his existence ; for the empire of her power extended beyond the senses ; it mingled with the elements of his being, and incorporated with the innate feelings of his soul ; but he lost her ; she was lost ; and when he did lose her the attractive chord of being cracked, and all his after life became a gloomy chaos ; the mental fires which brighten into action were nearly extinguished, energy was deadened, and exertion over.

This stranger had felt the maniac's pangs, he had felt the prisoner's woes, he had felt the beggar's bitter wants ; he had felt, he had sustained them all ; yet all, except *one*, were despised and forgotten.

Slow lingering years had elapsed, of which poor mangled memory retained but faint and imperfect traces, for he had recovered from the ragings of fevered delirium, from the wasting gloom of mental melancholy, and also from the enervating pillow of lingering sickness; it was then that he looked around, and found all to him a dreary vacuity; he was a darkened blank, a cold clod, in the great book of animated nature; he was a stranger, unknown, unconnected, unendeared, unacknowledged, in the peopled world; he interested no heart, no one interested his; yet still as reason strengthened, as the intellectual spark emerged from the gloomy impression of a mental night, the imperishable principle of life with a strong, though still voice,

pleaded for preservation, and called for effort.

The fevered, and long-perturbed pulses of high impetuous hope were now composed ; the stormy wishes that had raged to agony were sunk, and those tumultuous conflicts which had caused such battles of the brain were now no more, or as if they had never been ; the powers and properties of the human mind, when free and unobscured, are of great extent, and it is only the vacant, or the vicious, soul that can remain inactive, and a burden to itself ; and no sooner was this stranger unapprehensive of worldly fluctuations in his own particular fate, than collecting himself within himself, he became a wandering observer of a world, in which he lived unendearing, and unendeared.

Early in life he had slightly known Sir Geoffry De Dunstanville, and when those imperious circumstances which had governed his destiny allowed freedom of action, he travelled on foot to the abbey. Sir Geoffry's death left the motives of his visit unexplained and undisclosed ; he was of the order of poverty, cold biting and severe poverty, and, in rumination sad, he had wandered to Sir Geoffry's tomb ; and, if the circumstance be not forgotten, the reader will recollect, that one morning Jane and her friend encountered a poor benumbed being in the mansions of her departed ancestors, and it may also be remembered, she gave a promise of future assistance, should it ever be needed or required, and it was this very stranger, who now boldly and mysteriously demanded an immediate interview.

In his form he was tall and commanding, his manner dignified, and his countenance, though pale, penetrating and impressive ; his eye, full, large, and dark, seemed to have lost much of its former fire, yet at times it emitted a spark, which with electric power entered the heart, and struck on every sense.

Jane gazed upon him with a sensation new and indescribable ; she felt awed, and wished herself away, yet, as if spell-bound, could not move.

“ Your business, Sir,” said she ; “ I am rather confined as to time, indeed, indispensably engaged.”

“ Go, then !” cried he with abruptness, “ go.”

She started ; “ Do not be offended, but allow me first to know if I have power in any way to oblige you.”

“ You have.”

And the tones in which he spake were deep and solemn. “ Have you no recollection of me? no recollection of a promise given, of a promise accepted; think well, I claim that promise now, even now.”

Jane shrunk appalled from the gleam of his piercing eye. “ I think—indeed, Sir, I think—I——” She shook, and her voice grew tremulous.

“ Be not affrighted,” resumed he, his own voice attempered to the softest feelings; “ my violence has alarmed your gentleness, yet I would not harm you, oh! not for the felicities of Paradise.”

Jane felt easier! his milder manner reassured her, and she could speak.

“ I never will, I never can forget your look,” said she, some indistinct feeling

throbbing at her heart, as she encountered his ardent gaze ; “ I think we met not long ago among the tombs of my ancestors ; you were then unwell, Sir, let me hope you *are* better, and say what you wish ; your appearance is my security that it will not be improper.”

“ It is bold, nevertheless, Miss De Dunstanville ; can you be firm ? can you be generous ?”

“ God has given me power——”

He went on.

“ Can you unshrinkingly grant a large demand of money, yet ask no questions ? desire no explanation ? but trust a stranger, largely trust him, who will give no answer but to his God ? look well on me, is villain in this face ?”

Jane did look, and encountered a gaze,

which made the circling blood rush in burning tides to her heart.

“Have you considered? have you decided?”

“Be more explicit, I intreat,” replied Jane, feeling an increasing emotion which almost could deny nothing.

“If you comply,” cried he, clasping his hands with fervour, while a smile, powerful as the lightning’s blaze, irradiated his pale features; “*if you do* comply, what may it not accomplish for ——— for me! If you hesitate, and this hour makes consequences irreversible and eternal, if you *do not comply*! Aye! Miss De Dunstanville, if you do not, even *you* will one day rue it, in bitterness of spirit rue it.”

“I need no menace, no stimulus to do my duty;” and Jane felt rather proud as she spoke.

“Hear then ; if you have one holy hope or wish, one desire, ardent, dear, and sacred, think it hangs upon the hazard of this decisive hour ; if there be a being loved and precious to your soul, think that being’s honour, rights, happiness, think his all hangs on this eventful hour, and then deny my supplication, if you can?”

Time, with all its train of circumstances and consequences ; all her hopes, all her wishes, all her fears, all she ever loved, crowded in tumult about her heart, and she shook in nameless and excessive agitation.

“I think——” she gasped “I am—— ready——Yes, I think——quite quite ready——What do you wish ? What, what must I do ? Speak while I can answer you, what must I do ?”

“ Give an immediate order on your banker for five thousand pounds !”

Jane had not calculated the exact value of money, she knew not its mighty mischief, its mighty powers, but if it had been her idol, she had given it in that moment, for Hildebrande Fitz Ormond's image, and all the circumstances connected with their mutual fate, so blended in her mind while the stranger spoke, that she could not separate his idea from the mystery of the stranger's appearance. But when abjured by what was most sacred and dear, and precious, in a confused whirl of complicated feeling, while every suspicion slumbered, every fear shut out, and only love was waking in her guileless bosom, the stranger's ready-prepared paper received her signature.

Some wild confused idea fluttered across

her brain, as she wrote " Jane De Dunstanville," but the moment was lost ; the deed done, and she could not retract, even had she wished it.

The paper still shook in the stranger's unsteady hand ; he fixed a stern and still look on her face, and paused—

" The pure spirit shining through that eye *could not* do it ;" said he, replying to some imagining of his own—" *no*, could not !" His manner was now benignly calm ; no sudden start of exulting thought appeared, and yet a smile of corrected pleasure, of ineffable and serene delight, gave a momentary glow to his faded cheek, and a mild saint-like radiance to his eye. He kneeled and took her hand ; she attempted to withdraw it, but he persevered, and gently pressed it within his own.

“Fear nothing, blessed creature!” said he, “innocence may confide, and beneficence dread no injury; ever, ever, may beings pure as thyself be about thee, and guide thy guileless ways! and oh! may a bosom, noble and generous as thine own, be thy sanctuary, till thou reachest thy sphere of kindred angels, in worlds of unending glory!”

He arose from his knees; “Wear this,” he added, and an uncommon expression animated every feature, as he untied a black ribband, from which was suspended a small heart, from his neck, “wear this till I reclaim the holy relic; *when* I reclaim it—” he paused, “Oh! golden moment! and will there ever dawn! ever shine on a benighted spirit!—then wilt thou charm the recollection of despair, and maddening pangs—then—then—”

Strange internal passions seemed rising on his soul; sudden anguish gleamed in his saddening eyes; but repressing the impetuous tide, he again, with solemn fervour, blessed her, and departed.

CHAPTER X.

THE extraordinary occurrence had certainly disturbed the composure of Jane's mind, and broke the sweet harmony to which every finer feeling had been composed; and, with a demeanor so agitated that it alarmed her domestics, she rushed from among them, and throwing herself into the waiting carriage, a flood of tears, in some degree, relieved her swelling bosom.

By every effort reason could make, she was unable to separate the stranger's idea from Hildebrande Fitz Ormond, and that her manœuvres might have reduced him to distress; and that distress and dif-

ficulty, operating on a proud spirit, might have driven him to seek relief in stratagem, degrading to the upright mind, whirled her brain to agony ; but instantly she spurned the torturing thought, as unworthy of herself, and injurious to him she loved, and could Fitz Ormond then have appeared before her, in the glow of tenderness and remorse which she felt for, even the momentary injustice of a passing thought, she had delightedly dropped the veil of mystery which divided them, and been his own for ever.

But Jane's carriage now drew up, and the loud peal announced her arrival. Lord Clancarron, really dressed, stood ready in the hall to attend her to the anxious waiting circle.

The mamma-tutored peer was this day really armed for conquest ; his boots, his

buckskins, nay, even his beloved benjamine, all were thrown aside ; for he had promised to descend from the altitude of his barouche box, leave whipism in the rear, and, if possible, for one whole fashionable day try to forget he was prime, and be rational,

The ardour of Jane's last reflections had communicated a richer colouring to her cheek, and a brighter sparkle to her eye, and, in the full glow of youthful beauty, she broke upon the gay assemblage, many of whom had never seen her before.

The softened dignity of her looks, the unaffected graces of her form, with the winning gentleness of her manner, captivated every heart, and even envy itself was disarmed by her irresistible sweetness.

The entertainment was sumptuous, lux-

ury and taste vied for pre-eminence, and as it was avowedly given in honour of Jane, her heart willingly accorded the tribute of gratitude, and in the smiling satisfaction of her looks, the family of Clancarron gathered hopes which their visitor was never to realize.

During the day, Lady Florence was most interestingly engaged with a foreign nobleman they had known abroad; the attentions of the countess were general; and his lordship devoted himself, as preconcerted, to Jane, in whose ear he continued to whisper such extravagant nonsense, that had not loud laughing been quite heathenish, the company would have shared in her amusement.

“ ’Pon my soul, Miss De Dunstanville, you must listen,” said he, attempting to take her hand as the company was divid-

ing into parties, “for strike me, but your looks have petrified me to-day.” “What a cold influence you attribute to them, my Lord, and——”

“Nay, paralyze me, now, if it be not cruelly cutting to misunderstand, for split my heart-strings, but I adore——

“Stop! stop!” she cried laughing immoderately, “else what with splittings, cuttings, cruelties, paralyzings, and petrifyings, you will indubitably suffer some strange transformation; who knows, if you do not retreat, but what my gorgon qualities may turn you into adamant itself.”

“Strike me now, Miss De Dunstanville!”

Whether Miss De Dunstanville would have struck, or been stricken, is unknown, for Lady Florence just then approached, to introduce Don Diego Dalmeyda, and seat-

ed herself next her, to the great discomfiture of the peer, who began to think he should bang-up in true style to the acres and guineas.

“ I have been telling Don Diego, Miss De Dunstanville,” said Lady Florence, “ that you are the happiest being existing.”

“ The very happiest, Lady Florence ?”

“ Oh yes ! to the highest pinnacle of the superlative, the happiest ; what happiness cannot twenty thousand a year purchase ?”

“ *That* which it cannot purchase,” replied Jane with a sigh, “ a something unpossessed which it cannot reach.”

“ Well, that something is not among the catalogue of my wants, however, for if I had that, I should want nothing else.”

“ It could neither cure an aching head, nor an aching heart,” Jane said.

“The rich carnation of that cheek denies an aching head, and your open innocence of look reflects every feeling, and heart-ache no where appears,” said an elderly personage seated behind her.

Jane turned, and beheld a countenance, which at a glance gave the character of a plain Dealer ; it was one she revered, and she was about to answer, when Sir Charles Maloney, with his glass at his eye, asked if she had been at the Opera last night, it was over-poweringly delectable—Catalani was in exquisite tone.

“Her voice is certainly wonderful, indeed admirable.”

“Ah, *ciel* ! it is ecstatic ! Do you not expire when you hear her?”

Jane smiled, “No, Sir Charles, not expire.”

“Not expire! not with ecstasy, at an Opera?”

“Certainly not ; for then, as Lady Grace says, I should never go there again, which would be quite Gothic.”

“But that your beauty tells me you are of the last importation of the Houries, I should call you a Goth.”

“And the Goths,” she returned, “even they may have an ear for melody, though, like a little less heathenish English woman, they might neither expire, nor faint, unless, indeed, at the unnatural sounds which too often issue from an Italian Opera singer; and did the multitude,” she continued, “possess half the candour they do judgment, the English Poets, and the English Drama would never be neglected for an assemblage of monotonous sounds, little appreciated, and less understood ; and

were not fashion as arbitrary a tyrant as Phalaris himself, in reducing all to its own standard, the nice discernment of the English would never tolerate every passion that can assail the human mind, having but one invariable mode of expression; the bravo, for instance, he assaults with the soft accents of an angel, the rival he gives his proud defiance with a trill and cadence, and a mistress, she gives her lover the denial, in a voice so sweetly melodious, that I do not see how the poor creature can believe her."

"I rejoice," said the old gentleman, already mentioned, "indeed I rejoice to see some with youth and beauty have courage enough to assert the cause of common sense, and rise superior to the weak and silly prejudices of fashion; go on, young lady, and let the light you diffuse enligh-

ten us, for you possess properties and appendages, which will be allowed to give consequence to opinion, and distinction to taste."

"You have your box at the Opera, Miss De Dunstanville?" said Lady Denham.

"Yes, and mean to retain it, my dear madam; nay, would encourage merit and talent from every country; but not to the utter exclusion of common sense, real taste, and the interests of those whose exertions have an exclusive claim on patronage and support."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Jane's admirer, "Shakespear will be himself again."

Jane blushed at the plaudits her candid opinions had drawn forth from a stranger, and rising to escape further notice, proposed joining a card table, when Lady

Clancarron drew near, saying, "Mrs. Harmony, Colonel and Lieutenant-governor Harmony's widow, would be happy in the honor of her acquaintance."

Jane received her with much politeness, and entered into conversation, when a crowd of company entering, both ladies threw their eyes towards them; but Jane's attention was soon recalled to Mrs. Harmony, who grew suddenly pale, and appeared ready to faint.

"You are ill, madam," said Jane, "I will ring."

"It will soon go off, my dear Miss De-Dunstanville," replied she, and her voice had a peculiar something in it that pleased, while it interested a stranger; "you are so kind, so attentive, you put me in mind of the great Miss Barrendon of Bath."

“ Who !” interrupted Jane’s former approver, with an ironical look.

“ The great banker’s daughter, Sir ; she had ninety thousand pounds to her fortune, and married the great Mr. Pownal.

“ Humph !” said he, loud enough to be heard ; “ Mrs. Harmony,” he added, “ I protest your old friend Mrs. Moreland is just come in, and speaking to Lady Clancarron ; look, do you see her ?”

Mrs. Harmony had a quick eye, and *had seen* her ; and it was her entrance that had given the deathly paleness to her cheek, which Jane attributed to sudden indisposition. Every thing that concerned Mrs. Moreland, however remotely, interested the heart of Jane, and her looks, in which her heart ever shone, betraying a wish for an explanation. Lady Denham was ready to give it ; and as Mrs. Harmony, feeling

her seat rather uneasy, made an opportunity to join another party, but took care to be in hearing of what might pass on this terrifying subject.

Lady Denham and Mrs. Harmony had been, till very lately, *friends*; that is, they visited at the same houses, played at the same whist tables, and circulated the same scandal; it had always been my dear Lady Denham, and my dear Mrs. Harmony, till one most unpropitious evening that a naughty card interfered; eighteen shillings were in hazard, and Mrs. Harmony telling her ladyship, in the soft tones of a *poissarde*, that she had practised a *ruse de jeu*, Hoyle never taught; the one all fire, and the other all oil, such a conflagration among the passions ensued, that the downfall of that pile, which moderns call friendship, became inevitable;

it sunk, but from its base there sprung a branch, whose fruit is bitterness of spirit, and that bitterness now quivered on a lip impatient to disclose Mrs. Harmony's history as connected with Mrs. Moreland's. An introduction to the great heiress of De Dunstanville, for Mrs. Harmony delighted in great things and great folks, was a circumstance much to be wished by the lieutenant-governor's widow.

But "Oh! thoughtless mortals, ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate!"

How little we know what we desire; Pandemonium in its dreariest recesses would have been more supported than a society in which Mrs. Moreland found love and confidence.

Lady Denham now began—"Mrs. Harmony might well grow pale when the injured Mrs. Moreland appeared; it was ra-

ther *mal a propos* for the governor's widow ; Oh ! Miss De Dunstanville, did you but know how your amiable friend has been treated by her."

" I have heard she has a daughter" said Jane, " whose virtues will cover many of her mother's failings."

" Yes, Miss De Dunstanville, that daughter, when young, uneducated, and almost without a home, your friend received, and cherished in her bosom for five years ; she shared her affection, her comforts, and her confidence, and was unto her as a mother ; under her care every rising grace was improved, and every talent and virtue ripened to perfection ; she was in herself amiable, grateful, and endearing ; her mother, her sisters, her family, all were beloved, and all found a hospitable welcome, giving and receiving pleasure.

“At length death and desolation broke in on the happy dwelling, treachery betrayed, and poor Mrs. Moreland became a widow; her spirits broken, her health wasted, and her reason nearly gone, she was, with her infant family, cast upon the tumults of life without even a home, and left to struggle with difficulty, debt, and want.”

Tears glittered in the fine eyes of Jane, and Lady Denham went on.

“Mrs. Moreland was sinking beneath the pressure of varied calamity; she believed herself dying, and, as a last kindness, the society of her fondly-beloved Charlotte, her affection would have softened the harshness of fate; her voice would have soothed her melancholy, and almost charmed her to peace; but that balm was denied, and cold contempt gave a new bruise to the wounded spirit; former kindnesses were

all forgotten, the endearing hours and tender confidence, all were forgotten ; Mrs. Moreland's warm heart could offer no more, it had no more to offer ; she was forsaken, scorned, and traduced, by the very lips which, in happier days, had so often blessed her. No one enquired if she even lived ; she shed the secret tear, breathed the lonely sigh, and suffered her agonies unheeded and unremembered. Yet the innocent mind can sustain much, and only proudly resists the imputation of dishonour ; she never descended to say she had been wronged, till it met her in every corner, that Mrs. Harmony's family deserted her, for the intention of taking legal steps for Miss Harmony's five years abode with her. It was not believed ; Mrs. Moreland could not believe it till it came

with a dagger's sharpness from one she had revered as *a father*."

The pale astonishment in Jane's countenance, and the quickened sparkle of her eye, convinced Lady Denham that her intelligence had taken effect; when, seeing Mrs. Harmony, with her visage in a flame, drawing nearer, with the malignant pleasure of revenge in her smile, she walked away, and took a seat at a card table.

"My dear Miss De Dunstanville", cried Mrs. Harmony, anxious to recover the great heiresses good opinion, which she knew Lady Denham had shaken to the centre, and she assumed her most winning smile; "Lady Denham cannot enter into my feelings, she is a stranger to the obligations I conferred on Mrs. Moreland; I was, indeed, her friend; I will not tell the proofs I gave of friendship; I placed go-

vernor Harmony's daughter to give her consequence—" here Mrs. Harmony looked proud—" her advantages were great in having Miss Harmony, she intreated her stay, and my reward was threats of being prosecuted for various expences, when in fact she ought to have been grateful for the patronage."

Jane's bosom beat with generous indignation, her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes sparkled with anger, while, in a voice proudly impressive, she replied, " Mrs. Moreland needs no patronage, her superior virtue gives, it cannot receive consequence from the pitiful tinsel of rank and ——."

" Did you ever read the early history of the Orientals ?" demanded Jane's old friend, addressing Mrs. Harmony with his accustomed bluntness.

" I have, indeed, " she replied, happy to

change the subject of discourse, and always vain of her extensive reading; and in strict justice to her love of literature, no one could be a better selector of the prettiest novels of the season.

“ Yes, Sir, their history is very entertaining.”

“ And very instructive too,” rejoined he, “ you do not forget their legislative code? it was rather extraordinary.”

“ I cannot immediately recall it to memory.”

“ That is a pity,” cried he, and Mrs. Harmony’s eye caught a spark from his so expressive and penetrative that it entered her heart—“ Why they had a law, that whoever was three times convicted of speaking *falsely*, was condemned, under pain of death, never to speak again, but continue in silence and reproach during life.”

His look and manner while he spoke, rendered the implication too apparent, it admitted not of evasion, and its severity was felt.

Mrs. Harmony's colour rose, her eyes flashed, and with difficulty, a few vindictive syllables fell from lips, pale with impressive rage.

"I protest, madam," said he, insultingly calm, "your resentment would almost sanction an application, very degrading to the moral character; what can irritate *you*?"

"Sir," she resumed, "you are no gentleman, you cannot be one, and had Bob Harmony been alive ——"

"Madam, madam!" he interrupted, "Bob Harmony always spoke the truth; the Oriental law, and the English law. Aye, and the martial law, or any other

law by which he could have been tried, would have found him a man of honour."

Pride and shame, anger and confusion, even a feeling of momentary remorse, all the painful passions that could assail the mind, unattempered to the love of genuine rectitude, now struggled together in Mrs. Harmony's bosom, when, feeling no refuge, no retreat in an unupbraiding conscience, they all blended with the remembrance of her dead husband, and the tumult rushed through her brain, rendering her condition at once pitiable and pitied; it was too much, the irrepressible tears of embittered and humiliated pride burst forth, and had only one of these burning drops been witnessed by the wronged, deserted friend of former years, with soft assuasive hand it would have been wiped from her pale cheek, and she

would have taken her to her own warm bosom, soothed her to peace, and forgotten that she herself had ever been forsaken.

Be singleness of heart for ever cherished ! and truth erect her honourable standard in every bosom ! then no eye need be dreaded, then no tongue need be feared ; but in the retirement of a pure approving conscience, innocence finds a refuge from every mortal evil.

CHAPTER XI.

THE busy world had returned to its varied occupations several hours before Jane's wearied form and aching head felt the repose of her downy pillow, and then the languor which crowded companies generally produce, the recollected extraordinary occurrence of the preceding day, and Lady Denham's detail of what Mrs. Moreland had suffered from ingratitude, returned on memory, and usurped the drowsy God's dominion ; it was, therefore, late next evening, before she and her friend met at the dinner table.

Mrs. Moreland had received a distant

courtesy from her *ci-devant* friend, not unaccompanied with a look of astonishment at her appearance and familiarity in such a circle; the interview had raised the ghost of many a departed hour and joy to Mrs. Moreland's mental view, she could not but remember such things were, and were most precious to her, and these remembrances left her now as languid and spiritless, as the pleasures of the dissipated scene in which she had been engaged.

“ When, my dear child,” said she to Jane, “ do the votaries of ton allow their winter to end ?”

“ You look as if you almost wished it had never commenced; oh, my Mrs. Moreland, I shall never forget yesterday, and in these moments of retrospection which succeed it, I feel an accusing pang

at my heart for a waste of money, when so many want. You, my beloved monitress ;” and Jane’s fine eyes were full of gems which restored the lustre wasting vigils had dimmed, “ You have known want, and I shudder — early habits make me shudder, to think many deserving beings pine for, but a little of what I so thoughtlessly presume to lavish ; my friend, be as a mother, and direct me. Yesterday — and yet I do not, cannot repent *that*,” and Jane looked, and felt so abstractedly, that Mrs. Moreland took alarm.

“ What of yesterday, my dearest Miss De Dunstanville, what of yesterday ? The more artless and innocent the mind, the more open to design and deception ; heaven shield your guileless nature, and give you an honourable sanctuary for

your home, an honourable soul for your companion !”

“ Amen !” said Jane, with pious fervor, “ but before I tell you *the all* of yesterday ; and be not alarmed, for all the evil that *can* arise is over. You will confide, and tell me how much of Lady Denham’s story respecting Mrs. Harmony is true, for she spoke with acrimony ;— what a life your’s must have been !”

“ It has certainly been one of painful vicissitudes, made up of most sad, yet unimportant events ; I have *tasted* of felicity, but drank of sorrow’s bitter cup ; the star of prosperity has more than once glimmered on my life, but often has the stormy night of adversity sunk me deep in its heavy gloom ; Lady Denham’s tale, from what I heard, had less improvement and additions than often repeated tales

generally have; for my heart *throbs even now*, but to think how Mrs. Harmony forsook me. I made a sad miscalculation of her sentiment, for though I loved many, I loved her more, and she has made me feel most. Her daughter, with the virtues of a superior nature, and many an endearing grace, had one defect, from which I have suffered; she ever wanted resolution to judge for herself; she would always comply, but the next moment, were that compliance opposed, she could not refuse, and thus for want of a little energy and decision, she gave to a character most estimable, the appearance of imbecility, yet bless her! bless her, heaven! And should the angry spirits of the earth still keep us asunder, one barrier broke down, even the frail tenement which only a weak breath upholds,

and our kindred minds shall meet where no harsh interposing relatives can divide us ; there, with every feeling refined, every suffering sanctified, every virtue improved ; there, where neither bitterness nor pride, envy nor resentment, forgetfulness nor death, can obtrude ; there, beloved Charlotte, we shall meet, in innocence of soul meet, and never feel the pang of separation more.

“ And when thy last days upon earth are declining,
When life's busy dream fails its powers to beguile ;
Be it your's on the bosom of mercy reclining,
To think on that future, and die with a smile.”

“ When the roses of comfort which had bloomed so brightly in my happy dwelling began to wither, and when the bitter weeds of want and affliction reared their hydra heads about me, then I was taught to calculate the value of that fleeting shadow,

called by the world, friendship; I found adversity like Penelope's night, undoing all that the day of prosperity had done; many I could name, betrayed the instinct of a cat; much attached to *the house*, very little to the one who kept it. To find friends when we need them not, and not to find them when we do, is too general to be deeply felt. Of the multitude who were my visitors I judged wrong; their compact was with the comforts of my condition, and when they fled, I was taught my own individual value.

“Profession is so cheap a material that it becomes the chief ingredient in the composition of modern friendship;—one would vow she loved me so much she could not live from me; another, that she really could die for me; yet, in the midst of desolation and death, *they* forgot to ask if I lived. But

these characters were composed of negatives without one positive virtue, and they acted not so much from corrupt principles, as from having no principle at all. One I so loved, did offer me her heart and home. I wept in her bosom, and thought my aching head might repose awhile on so sacred a pillow ; but, alas ! the offer was the sickly, momentary gleam of a weak, wavering mind, not the permanent sentiment of a superior nature. She offered to shelter my child, my innocent Lily, from the tempest that was bending her mother to the dust. I loved, confided, consented, and almost adored ; my gratitude ! earth could not confine it, it went to God for blessings ; yet oh, oblivion, drop thy darkening curtain and obliterate the rest from bleeding memory. Still in this beating storm of fate I was not quite for-

saken ; but they were strangers, and my gratitude will survive the wreck of being ; gratitude, sacred gratitude ! ever blessing, and ever blessed ; it subsisted in the age of innocence, when there was no evil to deplore, and it will be perpetuated in heaven, when felicity has reached its summit of perfection in the realms of glory.

“ I must have wearied you, my dear Miss De Dunstanville,” said Mrs. Moreland, wiping the tears of remembrance from her cheeks, “ but as the recital has whiled away a languid hour of this dull evening, I hope you will excuse the pain my uncontrollable feelings have excited ; and now let me hear *the all* of yesterday.”

“ First, then,” said Jane, “ you do not forget the poor stranger who so much interested our feelings the day we encoun-

tered him at my grandfather's tomb; I then gave him a promise of assistance, should he ever want and desire it;—yesterday he claimed that promise; he came, his very look had irresistible power over my heart; I felt impelled, controlled, he looked so like my grandfather; and when he spoke, it seemed as if some one inexpressibly dear and long lost had been restored; and had he then asked,—dear Mrs. Moreland I was very weak, I could deny him nothing, and gave him five thousand pounds!”

Mrs. Moreland started, “ Good God, Miss De Dunstanville, how could you trust him ?”

“ You will wonder still more at his temerity,” said Jane, “ in trusting *me*, for an hour ago he had not presented the draft.”

“ Then you have stopped it ?”

“ Oh !” and Jane felt the old enchantment of his look at her heart, “ not for kingdoms would I have stopped it ; but this delay proves he confides *in me*, and deserves my confidence ; I only sent from some nameless wish I had to hear of him.”

Mrs. Moreland yielded to a train of wild and strange imaginings, to which reason could give no expression, and sensible she had no right to reprove, and as candor did not allow her to approve ; she sat silent, while the fair and generous narrator minutely detailed every circumstance of the mysterious and inexplicable stranger’s visit ; the golden locket was examined, but excepting three letters, almost defaced by time, there was nothing to be traced.

The subject fully occupied the friends during the remainder of the evening, and as they had been very little refreshed by

the few hours late repose they had taken, at a very early hour, they bade each other *bon soir*, and retired to their respective chambers.

CHAPTER XII.

DILLON Moreland, in the seclusion in which he had buried himself, heard that Lord Danglecour's family was returned to town, and, through the kind medium of Dinah, Lady Ellen's maid, he not only learned when she was at home and alone, but also gained admission to her presence. Lady Ellen was no friend to clandestine meetings; yet it must be confessed, whatever her tongue murmured of impropriety and freedom, her softened eye gave him a smiling welcome. The respectful ardour of his manner, the undeserved treatment from her father, his preference, with his many

recollected generousities, all crowded at once, and with tears, which gave heightened beauty to her charms, she confessed how fervidly she loved, and that when of age, if he continued to act as she hoped he would;—" then," she murmured, " yes Dillon, I——I—— will then be your wife."

Oh encroaching sex ! Dillon felt encouraged, grew emboldened ; first hesitated, then intreated, and at length ventured to urge an elopement.

" Dearest, dearest Ellen, this cursed Sir Felix, your father, all are against me ; oh ! be merciful to me ! to yourself ; the golden moment may never come again, and Ellen be lost to me for ever."

" Dillon, be more moderate ; your mother, my father, must sanction the moment I shall call golden ; a faithless daughter

never made a faithful wife ; violence and vehemence must be controlled."

" Ellen, beloved Ellen, I cannot, will not leave you ; to night, this moment—all favours,"—and he had forced her from the sofa.

She withdrew herself from his arms, and was re-seated. " Do not," said she, " make me fear our minds are uncongenial ; virtue must attemper our wishes, propriety regulate our actions, if we expect to be rationally happy."

" Dearest Lady Ellen you sublime your pleasures almost to air ; you live in sentiment, my heart has wishes, I have feelings, love like mine can neither be very reflective, nor perfectly reasonable ; yet I swear, beloved creature—" and Dillon dropped on his knees—" I swear ——"

Lady Ellen raised him with a dignified

firmness. "I accept no vows;" said she, "no oath can bind your love so strongly to me, as a sense of right should bind you to your duties."

Dillon's pride made him feel indignant under repulse, and while the fire of blended feelings deepened the red upon his cheeks, he replied, "Alas! Lady Ellen, do not let us waste the most precious hours of existence in the vain expectation of my becoming 'that faultless monster which the world never saw;' but deign to take me yourself, and make me what you please; I will be a puppet in your hand."

"I would not be a plaything myself, in any man's hand," said her ladyship, "and should scorn a husband who was a puppet in mine."

"Well, Madam,"—and Dillon walked

about proudly and offended—"rejected by you, and my affection scorned, my fate becomes indifferent: the sword and a foreign grave may settle all."

"Do you mention the sword," asked Lady Ellen, calmly, "as your dernier resort for an honourable subsistence, or to intimidate me to your purpose, Mr. Moreland?"

"MADAM!"

"Sir, I have been told your virtuous mother says, the army has been the grave of her hopes, the grave of her family's prosperity; every sigh she breathes wafts you farther from my heart: the man who could so far forget his moral duties, as disregard the wishes of a fond mother, could offer no security to a wife that I would venture to accept. Go, then, with my best wishes; leave me, I hear my

father's horses, and—and—" Lady Ellen's soul again softened in the moment of separation, " and," she added, " take with you the assurance of a soul firm in its feelings, that you have my heart, and only you yourself can give me that heart again; it is not unworthy an honourable shelter; be your's, then, the one I have chosen."

Dillon retired, and by the private stairs escaped unseen, when in gloomy dissatisfaction he reached his cheerless apartment; his haughtiness of spirit, which would neither stoop to a confession of error, nor submit to reprehension, had impelled him to descend to deception; he knew his mother's solicitude, and wished to keep her calm; he felt his own declining means of subsistence, and wished to conceal it, for, from his want of punctuality in writing, he was a stranger to the gene-

rous friend his mother had found, and sensible of her inability to aid him, he proudly resolved to conceal his residence from every one, till fortune should grow weary of persecuting him, and produce some change.

He loved his brother, he revered his mother, he worshipped Lady Ellen; but so unbending was his spirit, so impatient was he of controul, and so ill could he regulate his feelings, that the very consciousness of having been wrong, strengthened the determination to persevere.

Poor children of error, little do you think what evils the proud spirit engenders! even when the cup of sorrow may have quenched the fire and bitter dregs, the baleful fruit, remorse, still lives, gnawing the bosom, and extending envenomed influence to life's latest hour.

Dillon Moreland had never quitted the metropolis, and to hush the voice of enquiry, and avoid all interview and communication with his family, by his valet, whom he had discharged, and who was going into Glamorganshire, he gave a letter, addressed to his mother. That letter as has been seen, proved a temporary solace to the unsuspecting mother; yet such is the effect of a first deviation from rectitude on a mind attempered to the love of virtue, that Dillon endured that humiliating anguish in this lapse from truth, that would have been his mother's portion had she known it.

Dillon Moreland never gamed, never drank beyond the convivial glass, but he had spirits in his blood which mounted high at the sight of beauty; and though his heart, and every better feeling of that

heart, were unalienably devoted to Lady Ellen, still Dillon could admire the sparkle of beauty, and feel the influence of charms even when possessed by the impure, and degraded innocence ; but temptation now assailed his senses in the shivering form of a poor deserted being, driven by strong calamity, and deceptive man, to seek for bread from the hand of charity or prostitution.

Her woe-worn frame lay extended on the steps, as Dillon was returning one evening to his solitary chamber. His heart was the seat of feeling, his soul the throne of sensibility ; nor could the infirmities which darkened his mind obscure the sentiment of pity which ever glowed for human suffering.

He raised the poor pale thing from the stones ; she was famishing and nearly

speechless; he threw some lavender in her face, and in a few minutes she revived sufficiently to tell him, she perished; perished for want, was a wretched thing, and no one would pity her.

“I will,” said Dillon, “I will pity you!” Something felt in his throat choaking him, and he was glad that no one could witness the silly tears streaming down his cheeks for human suffering, for human sin.

“God, I thank thee,” said he, “that I laid her not here;—God, I thank thee, that I can raise her from here!”

And had Dillon stopped there, he had conquered himself,—he had been a hero.

Patty was the youngest of three pretty sisters; her father had been left by his father, to labour or to perish, because beauty beguiled him of his affections, and he had

married a fair creature who hoped to reach heaven, though she wore not the sober attire, nor venerated the silence of the quaker's severe society ; but they were both gone to that land where it will never be enquired of the innocent soul in what garb the way there was found.

The three orphan young women had all been upper servants in great families, and it was poor Patty's pitiable mishap to attract the eye of her master.

In the first step of the down-hill path of perdition lies the chief difficulty ; Patty was more weak than wicked, and believed ; more vain than vicious, and capitulated ; her surrender soon followed, and during the delirium of her seducer's senses, could she have forgotten the quiet day and blameless night of innocence, she might have been thought

happy ; but the winter of illicit love soon comes on, and most pitiless blows the cold wind of sated passion on the desolated bosom of the betrayed ; indifference, neglect, desertion, had all followed in sad and quick succession ; the gradations of vice are rapid, and poor Patty's lowest step—to the street—was precipitated by an unprincipled peer, who then dignified her with *his protection* ; he persuaded her to go to the theatre, and she did go ; there, on some pretext, he left her ; and on her return, she found a legion of evil spirits had, indeed, been there ; her lodgings had been visited by her *protector*, and by his command, even in the poor undone creature's absence, he had stript the apartments, and left her naked, and exposed to the mercy of a world *his vices* had rendered merciless.

But this was a *chef d'œuvre* of whipism ; this was bang-up to the mark ; prime to the pinnacle.

Oh ! for some obliterating drop to blot the name from human remembrance ; that it might never rise to flush the cheek of an innocent family !

“ Who was the peer ? ” asks the curious reader.

Answer,

The whip-club will tell you.

With this fair and frail creature, whose gentleness, humility, and obedience, inspired a feeling, though untinctured with respect, yet was far removed from contempt, lived Dillon Moreland. Thus in oblivion and gloomy inactivity he wasted the listless day and lingering night, and was fast sinking into those deepening shades which end in sad despondency. Poverty also approached, and rearing her haggard

head diffused a sad variety of horror throughout the wretched dwelling.

His forlorn companion, lost to honest exertion, lost to the fortitude of virtue, without energy, and without effort, could only wring her hands, and weep, look in his face for his wishes, and obey him.

“My mother suffered,” said Dillon, pressing his burning hands to his proud heart, “what did she not suffer? ah! she never suffered the accusing sting of conscience, and *that* only is unbearable.”

When adversity is received as a reproving monitor from heaven, every angry passion sinks to rest, and every feeling becomes composed; but when considered the infliction of man, it corrodes the heart, and embitters suffering.

That sweetness of temper which had been so distinguishing a charm, that en-

dearing complacency so pleased while pleasing, which had attuned all around to harmony, were now no more to be found in Dillon ; sour, severe unkindness, and a harsh immutability of spirit, embittered his own feelings, and extended their saddening influence to the poor thing, his dependant companion ; and, in every cold and averted look, she read her sin, and felt its punishment.

In this eclipse of poor Dillon's promising morning, he had that, without which the master of a world would be poor ; he had a friend who had been his school-fellow ; the companion of his mind, and the sharer of his innocent secrets in more blameless and happy days.

This youth had received only a common education ; but then he possessed no common mind ; he had genius, sense, and un-

derstanding; and to these natural properties he had given the richest cultivation, by an ardent and persevering love of literature.

His spirit was bold and energetic ; his virtues were proud, and firm almost to sternness ; and his heart warm, candid and generous, yet tenacious and unbending ; he was not greatly born, but he had spirits in his blood that would mount, and inspire him to attempt all that man ought to attempt ; his every passion was high ; his every feeling fervid ; and his nature evinced a bright intelligence of thought, not the communicated gift of mortals, but derived from the great Immortal himself.

In his friendship, Rupert Butler acknowledged no cold prudential limit, and love in his bosom would be the comet's blaze, with the sun's duration ; with the gene-

rosities of a beneficent mind he had the untutored courtesies of a feeling one, and his character only wanted the softening touches of refined society to form the perfect gentleman. Still he had one defect, it was a fault; and that fault lodged itself in the only unimproved, unenlightened nook of a superior soul; human power could not reach the dark speck;—the point will be settled by a great Being and himself hereafter.

All Rupert Butler's leisure hours were devoted to his friend, and he endeavoured, by every kind and judicious argument in his power to reawaken the slumbering energies of a mind he knew to possess the capabilities of giving and receiving happiness; yet his remonstrances were mild, and offered in moments when he knew they would be impressive. Poor Rupert's purse was

not full, but it was Dillon's ; and manner and method gave and added value to every *sous*. High, therefore, as was Dillon's spirit, it felt soothed by his friend's considerate attentions ; and such was his influence, he had almost persuaded him to address his mother and return to society, when distress reached its gloomiest point—Dillon was arrested.

CHAPTER XIII.

LADY ELLEN STERLING had been introduced to Miss De Dunstanville by Mrs. Moreland, and frequently met in the circles of fashion ; there was a similarity of sentiment, and a consistency of manners, founded on principle, in both, which rendered them mutually pleased with each other, and would have produced a lasting friendship ; but for various reasons their intercourse never exceeded casual interviews in public, and in general parties. Miss De Dunstanville was rather surprised, though not disagreeably so, at a visit from her ladyship one morning, and at a much earlier hour than modern *belles* generally pay their *devoirs*. Jane by no means unacquainted with her *penchant*

for Dillon Moreland, and her mind deeply interested in all that concerned his mother, instantly took alarm lest some evil connected with his affairs had procured her the visit ; but lady Ellen in a moment dispersed her apprehensions, assuring her, with a blushing face, “ that she was not so happy as to know any thing of him, but had waited on her to solicit a favour.

“ It is concerning a young woman,” said her ladyship, “ most deserving of notice, who has been for some time my own maid ; and if not *very* inconvenient I wish her to become a part of your establishment ; your amiable frankness of manner, Miss De Dunstanville encourages my hope of success ; and as I know your beneficent nature and desire of doing good, I afford you the opportunity ;—this good girl has been with me some years, and

the instant I am my own mistress, I will receive her again ; at present I blush to tell you, my brother's arrival renders my father's roof the most improper place on earth for a modest young woman ; he insults her with a libertine passion, in which he is sanctioned by lady Danglecour, who openly declares a *chere amie* is as indispensable an appendage to a man of fashion as his valet, and turns what she denominates my Gothic notions into abject ridicule. If, therefore, you can receive her till I am of age, it will confer a kindness on me, and gratify yourself ;---with you he dare not pursue her. As we are leaving London to-morrow, I shall depart in peace, knowing poor Dinah is safe till I can reclaim her."

Jane, ever happy to oblige, naturally the friend of innocence and the promoter of

good, granted immediate acquiescence, and a few hours added lady Ellen's favourite Dinah to Jane's establishment.

The girl was certainly mild, modest, and pretty ; but her face expressed more feeling than beauty ; and it was to reduce the only pride Dinah ever knew—the pride of innocence, and humble the only dignity she ever felt, that lord Durweston's depraved nature so ardently panted to destroy her ; nay, that she presumed to repulse his freedoms, and complained to his sister, added resentment to the desire, and he would have gone any lengths to accomplish his purpose ; but she was now beyond his reach, because out of his knowledge ; and with humility, attention, and apparent contentment, she was performing all the duties of her condition, when one morning Miss De Dunstanville surprised her in an agony of tears, which she vainly en-

deavoured to hide as her lady approached her ; but Jane's compassion was quick eyed ; she condescendingly took her hand, and would be informed of her distress.

Dinah had an elder sister, who had married a young working jeweller, who, little known, and less employed, had with difficulty supported his wife and three children, when, as they fatally supposed, to make their fortune, a valet recommended him to Sir Felix Fribble, who ordered some fashionable bagatelles, and also a silver dressing box of considerable value, for which ready money was to be paid.

On credit, and in high spirits with his good fortune, he had executed this order, but after the delivery of the articles, could neither see, nor hear of the baronet ;—threatened for payment himself, his family perishing, and desperate with distress, he resolved to wait at the door till he should

see Sir Félix, and then assail his compassion as well as justice for some relief, and the unfortunate man was pursuing his way through Holborn, lost in the sad contemplation of his accumulated wretchedness, when an over-driven bullock, followed by a crowd of tormentors, rushed on the pavement, threw him down, trampled on him, and nearly crushed him to death. In this pitiable condition some humane being attended him home to his wretched wife, whose cup of sorrow was now running over.

Desperate, indeed distracted, she flew to Sir Felix Fribble's house, and giving her last dollar to the porter, the bribe purchased an entrance, and she was admitted to the dressing-room, where, yawning on a sofa with true Listless—non-chalance, without one feature of his face being moved, and what was more dis

graceful to his nature, without one feeling of his heart being touched, appeared this most honourable personage.

The poor woman had related her simple and sad tale, and implored a little, only a little for charity's sweet sake to sustain her dying husband. With torturing anxiety she repeated her prayer, and humbly awaited the result of her supplication, when raising his head, he suddenly exclaimed.

“ D——n me, what a bore !”

The unhappy woman looked at him.

“ A bore, petrify me ! a d——d bore, to be sure.”

“ No, Sir, it was not a bore,” said the poor *ignorant* auditor with simplicity, “ it was a bull.”

“ What's to be done ?” he cried, rising, “ Money will do a great deal,” and

her cold heart beat with a hope of obtaining a little, "A great deal indeed, Sir, money will do."

"Money, money," he reiterated, pretending to observe the poor woman for the first time, "Curse my heart strings if this be not delectably whimsical; pray Goody Gravity what may be your commands with Sir Felix Fribble? No point, no, no fire, no game, no," looking at her through his glass, "tame—all tame, by the luminous eyes of brilliant, all tame!"

The woman grew desperate, "Oh, Sir, be merciful! my husband is dying, my children perishing, do not jest with misery like mine; nothing *may* save him, but oh! to think he *might* be saved is the pang; oh, pity me, pity me, and our father who is in heaven will pity you; we have all need of pity."

“ Paralyze me, then, though I think frolic the *summum bonum* of life———
I——I—— strike me ugly, if I know what you mean, who the devil are you ?”

None are so dull as those who will not understand ; feeling never kindled its holy warmth in his blood ; his heart was chilled, iced by the very means which should have opened every kindly spring for the help of human wretchedness. Sir Felix flew to the bell, and rung it with violence ; his French valet, Laroux attended.

The poor creature’s sunken eye as it wandered round, fell on the very individual dressing box as it lay open, with all its cosmetics and perfumes. “ This then, Sir,” she cried, her voice nearly convulsed with rising agony, “ *this*,” and her shaking hand pointed, but her lips could utter nothing.”

“ Laroux ! scoundrel ! ” he vociferated, “ how came this witch, this sorceress here ? ”

“ *Pardi Monsieur, je n'en sçais rien.* ”

“ You know nothing of it ! and split your numskull, what do I keep you for, but to know my meaning without the trouble of speaking it ? Take out the beldame, send for a constable ; she would have robbed me, seized my property, and petrify my heart strings, but —— ”

“ Oh, la la,” cried the valet, “ *j’entends bien, j’entends bien.* ”

The wretched, horror-stricken woman on hearing the accusation, uttered a faint shriek, staggered a few paces, and fainting, was received into the arms of the valet, and carried from the merciless presence of the savage and unprincipled Sir Felix.

Le Pauvre Francois had a heart ; and that heart had often considered with what sheltering kindness Britain cherished and protected his forlorn countrymen, and he now resolved to return one kindness, and as far as his circumscribed power allowed, to soften this poor injured being's calamities, so putting his purse in his pocket, he desired a footman to oblige him, and order a coach, and attended the poor sufferer to her wretched home.

On her arrival she found her poor husband sunk into that heavy slumber, or rather stupor; which sometimes precedes dissolution ; but of that symptom she was ignorant, and employed her momentary calm in perusing some answers to supplications made for a little time, till her husband's returning health should please God to enable him to labour, when double diligence should do every one justice.

One letter was from a Jew; he had debated the matter with his rib Deborah, who told him Christians expected nothing from them; and, for her part, nothing they should have; "time indeed!" she concluded, "I say time; *this* is your time, and if you let it go by, he will slip through your fingers, and then you will never be paid in this world, take my word for that."

"Hoult your cruel tongue, I will take te poor man's vord, and if I am not paid in this world, he will tell it in de next, and I shall be paid dere, dat is all, dat is all; Jew and Christian, and all vill want something goot done."

The Jew *gave* time, and thereby secured to himself that *something* he wanted in eternity.

Another letter was from one of a society who, from their goodness, is called

friends ; he was a quaker, an opulent quaker ; he had been importuned, and implored by all most dear and holy to the Christian, by the dying husband, and by the despairing wife, to have mercy, and not add to their miseries and wants, by enforcing further law ; he was intreated to think of the perishing state of the children, without a father ; intreated for one drop of pity on the bruised body, on the breaking heart.

His answer.

“ Respected friend,

“ Unless thee dost pay seventeen pounds, eighteen shillings, together with the law expenses already incurred by thy delays, I have ordered my attorney to proceed against thee immediately ; all future applications must be to him.

“ I am, respected friend, thine,

“ JASPER RAPPAC.”

Solemn and severe in look, strict and stern in manner, and most demure and sanctimonious in demeanour is this *friend*; with a hardened and contracted soul, he, indeed, could speak of charity and compassion; nay, so often did he *speak* of them, that he would have said they were his own feelings, but poor, pitiable, and hard of heart, self is the terra incognita, a land more foreign and unknown to thee than the regions of the polar star.

True, man of error, thy profession is cautious in observing all forms, and modes, and decencies; thou dost attend to all external conformity, to all punctilios adopted from human motives, to answer human purposes; but learn, proud and severe, unfeeling and unmerciful, learn, that *true* christianity takes every creature in of every kind, is mild, merciful, tolerant, and forgiving; learn also, man never approximates so near

to God, as when shewing mercy to the human kind. He whom thou didst help to burden on his weary journey, was fitted for the world to which he is gone, but for what art thou fitting thyself, thou who must *so soon* descend to the grave, and be no more seen?

To this artless tale of humble misery, Jane had listened with tender and patient attention; her's was the feeling heart which, indeed, takes in every one of every kind, and with a hand open as the day for melting charity, while her lovely eyes glittered with the dew of benevolence, she asked what would do the poor woman and her children good?

“ In paying *one* great debt the husband had paid all,” Dinah replied; “ but the widow's upright principles felt a claim no one could make, and, were the means of

honest industry allowed her, she would endeavour to pay them all.

Jane gave a note of value for her sister's present necessities, and desired she might consider her as a benefactress in future; and, she added, "should the French valet ever want a place, let him apply with confidence; I shall not forget his humanity to oppressed helplessness."

It was by these deeds of kindness and mercy that Jane De Dunstanville in the morning of life enriched the page of remembrance; they gladden maturer years, sweeten on reflection, and brighten the dark path leading down to the chambers of the grave; and when the sun of human glory sets in an eternal night, they will shine in realms of never-ending-day.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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IN TWO VOLUMES

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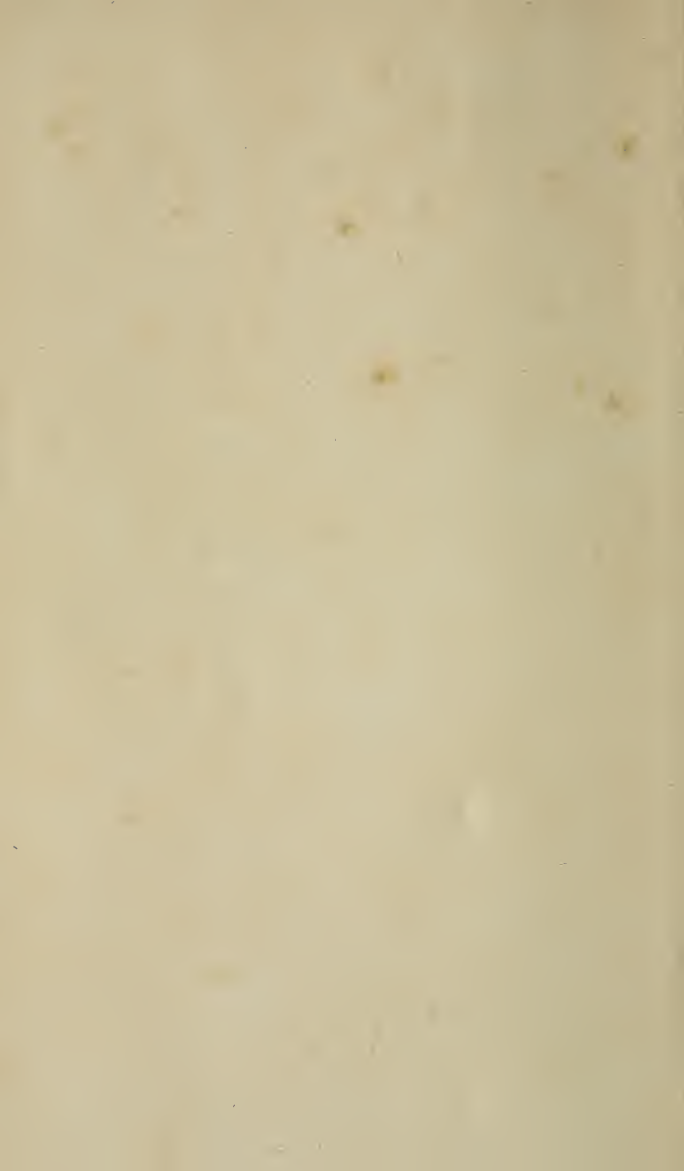
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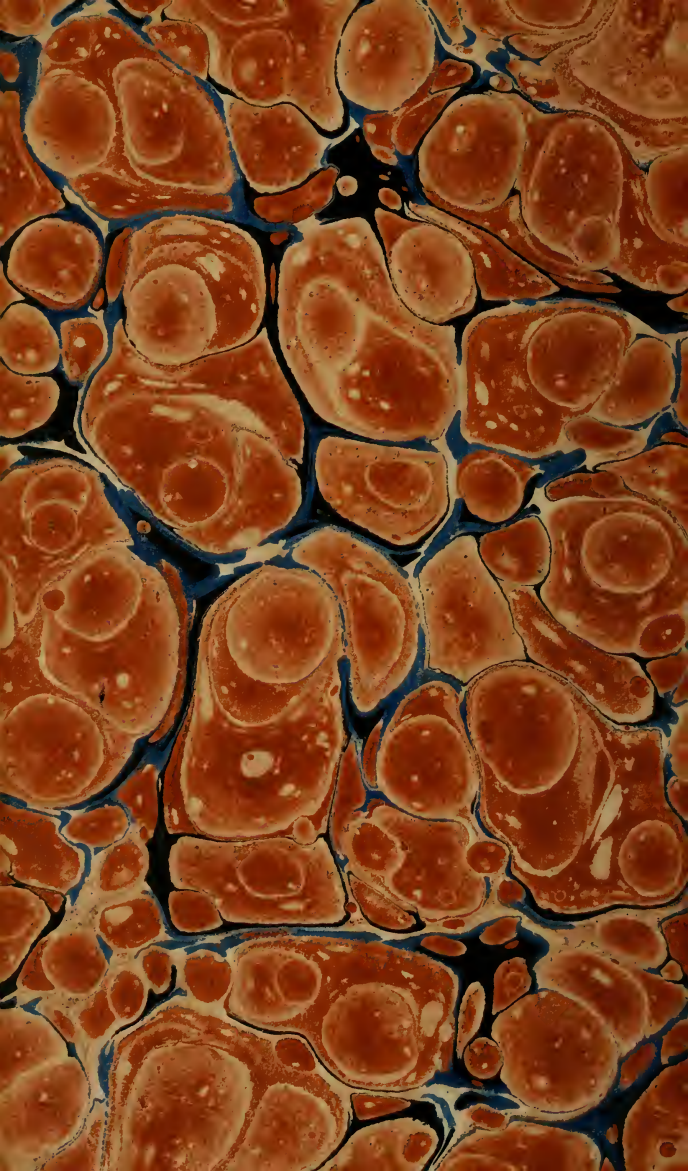
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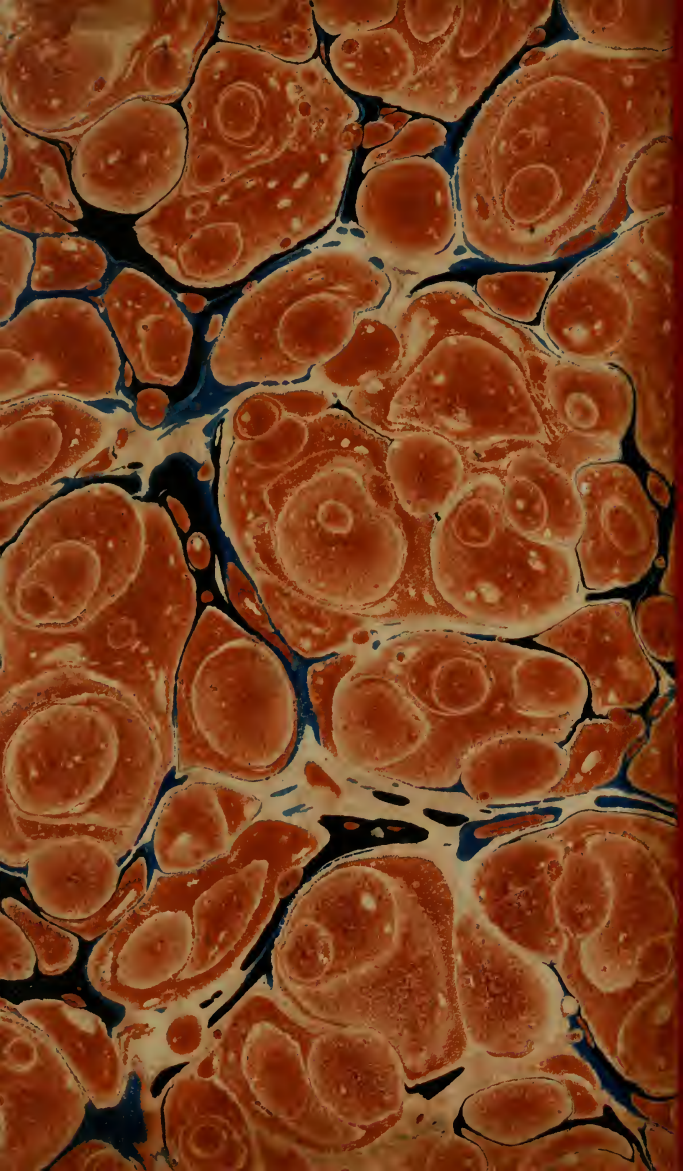
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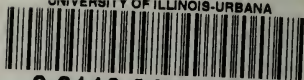
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